



FIGHTING JETS IN ACTION

March No. 7

10¢



CAPTAIN



APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE



AUTHORITY

STEVE SAVAGE



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



Come on, Buddy, Quit being A BAG-of-BONES Weakling like I was

IN 10 MINUTES OF FUN A DAY YOU Can do ALL I did!



Hi

Pal!

Win

\$100

as I just did!

I gained 25 Terrific LBS. of HANDSOME POWER-PACKED MUSCLES all over!

I improved my HE-MAN LOOKS 1000%

I won NEW STRENGTH

for money-making work!
for WINNING at all SPORTS!

I won NEW POPULARITY

Won NEW FRIENDS, BOYS & GIRLS
NEW CHANCES for BUSINESS SUCCESS



YOU CAN WIN
a BIG 15" SILVER CUP
as I just did!
with YOUR NAME engraved on it!



JIM NORMAN
AFTER

He Mailed Coupon
Below is Cleveland

BEFORE

He Mailed Coupon
90 lb. Skeleton

He says,
I gained
70 lbs.
of mighty muscle

How did I do ALL This? I mailed the Coupon and got These 5 PICTURE-PACKED HE-MAN COURSES

Which YOU can NOW get FREE
BEFORE \$1 PRICE GOES BACK
Millions Sold for \$1

GET
ALL 5
FREE

1

2

3

4

5

"I gained 60 lbs. of muscles."
says John Sill.

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY CHEST
BY GEORGE F. JOWETT

"I added 7 inches to my CHEST, 3 inches to each ARM." says Jobie Jackson

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY ARM
BY GEORGE F. JOWETT

"I added 7 inches to my BACK, 3 inches to each SHOULDER." says John Luckus

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY BACK
BY GEORGE F. JOWETT

"I added 7 inches to my GRIP, 3 inches to each ARM." says John Luckus

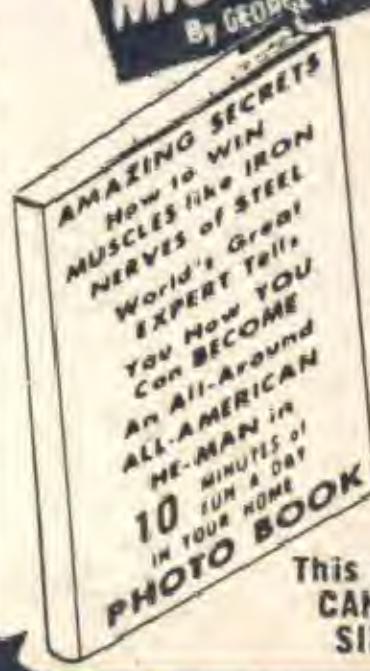
HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY GRIP
BY GEORGE F. JOWETT

"I added 7 inches to my LEGS, 3 inches to each SHIN." says John Luckus

HOW TO MOLD A MIGHTY LEGS
BY GEORGE F. JOWETT

Mail the "ALL FREE" coupon get this "AMAZING SECRETS" Photo Book

You'll LOOK, FEEL, ACT, like A Real HE-MAN! Win Women and Men Friends. Win in Sports! Win Promotion, Praise, Popularity.



This BOOK will also show You HOW YOU CAN WIN \$100.00 and a BIG 15" tall SILVER TROPHY (Your Name On It)

"I'm PROUD to be seen with Jim NOW! Every body admires his build," says Nellie. "Jim can lift the front of a 2700 lb. car. He amazes his friends!"

You'll be A Real ATHLETE in ALL SPORTS Soon after YOU mail Coupon.

Jim is a WINNER in ALL SPORTS NOW. YOU will be, too, soon.

COME ON, PAL, NOW YOU give me 10 PLEASANT MINUTES A DAY IN YOUR OWN HOME like Jim did and I'll give YOU A NEW HE-MAN BODY for your OLD SKELETON FRAME

"Congratulations, John! At last you mailed the coupon as EVERY MAN should. Soon You'll be as big and strong as I am," says Jim Norman to John Luckus

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are I'll make you OVER by the SAME method I turned myself from a wreck to the strongest of the strong. Why can't I do for you what I did for MANY THOUSANDS of skinny fellows like You?

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES Gain Pounds, INCHES FAST!

YES! You'll see INCHES of MIGHTY MUSCLE added to your ARMS and CHEST. Your BACK and SHOULDERS broadened. From head to heels you'll gain SIZE, POWER, SPEED. You'll be A WINNER in EVERYTHING you tackle.

LAST CHANCE-ALL FREE COUPON

1. FIVE COURSES
2. MUSCLE METER
3. Photo Book of STRONG MEN

Dept. AV-51

Tell Me How To WIN \$100, etc.

Jowett Courses greatest in World for Building All-Around HE-MEN - B. F. Kelley Physical Director

JOWETT INSTITUTE OF PHYSICAL TRAINING
220 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 1, N. Y.

Dear George: Please mail to me FREE Jowett's Photo Book of Strong Men and a Muscle Meter, plus all 5 HE-MAN Building Courses 1 How to Build a Mighty Chest 2 How to Build a Mighty Arm 3 How to Build a Mighty Grip 4 How to Build a Mighty Back 5 How to Build Mighty Legs. Now all in One Volume "How to become a Mighty HE-MAN" ENCLOSED FIND 10c FOR POSTAGE AND HANDLING (no C.O.D.'s)

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

SAVES you YEARS and DOLLARS!!!

Mail Coupon in Time for FREE offer and PRIZES!

NIGHT-RAID ON KOREA!



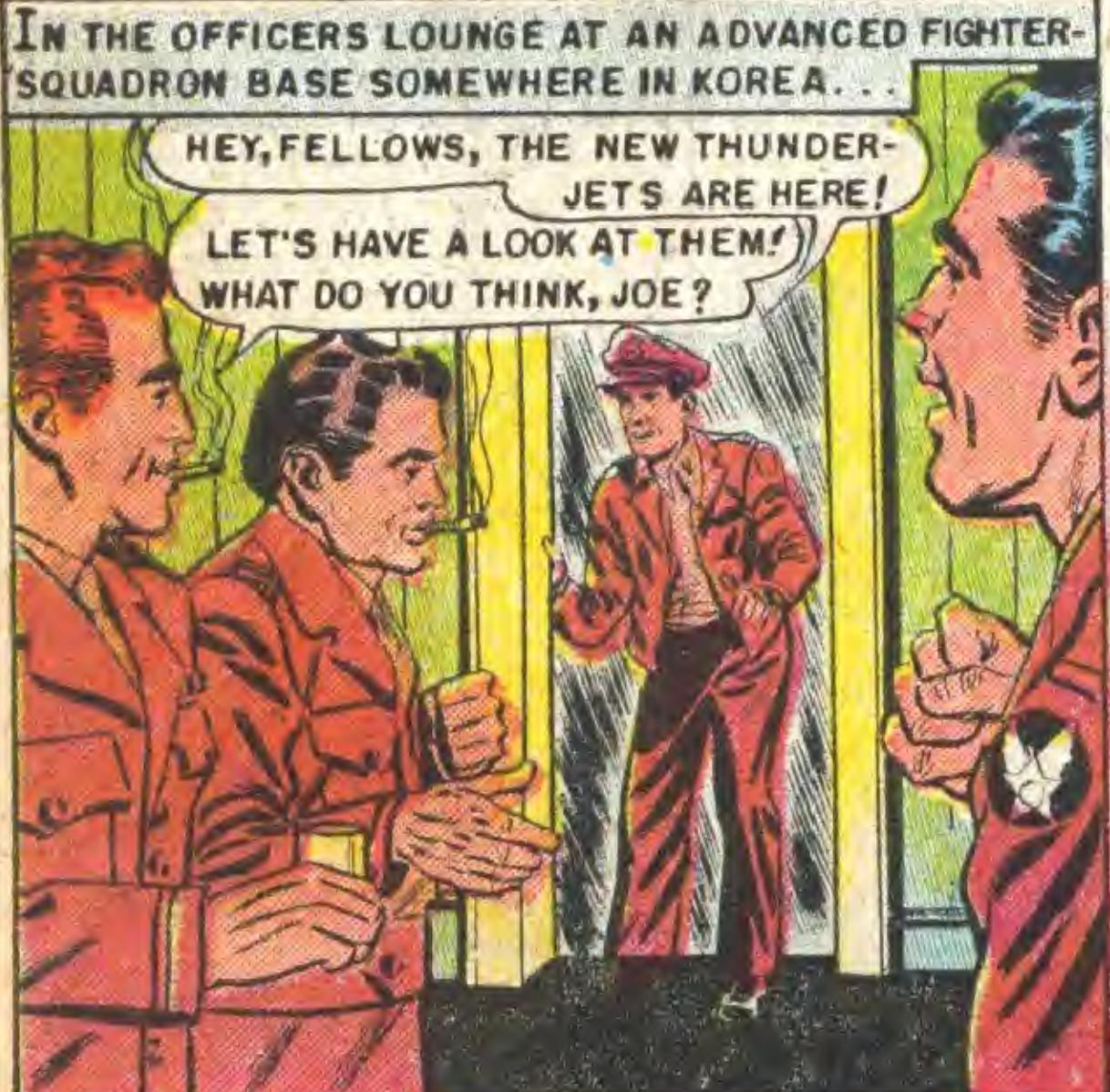
STEVE, THAT
RED FIGHTER'S
BORING IN ON US!
HE'S OPENED FIRE!
WE'RE FINISHED!



CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND HIS NEW SIDE-KICK, JAZZ LOGAN, FOUND THEMSELVES CUT OFF FROM THEIR SQUADRON DURING A NIGHT-RAID ON NORTH KOREA! THEY THOUGHT IT STRANGE WHEN TWENTY ENEMY JET FIGHTERS POUNCED ON THEIR TAIL, YET MADE NO EFFORT TO SHOOT THEM DOWN! HAD THEY KNOWN IT, THE STRANGEST PART WAS YET TO COME, AS THEY EMBARKED ON A MANCHURIAN ADVENTURE!

IN THE OFFICERS LOUNGE AT AN ADVANCED FIGHTER-SQUADRON BASE SOMEWHERE IN KOREA...

HEY, FELLOWS, THE NEW THUNDER-JETS ARE HERE!
LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THEM!
WHAT DO YOU THINK, JOE?



I DUNNO, SIR! THAT EXTRA SEAT FOR THE RADAR MAN MAKES THEM PRETTY BIG AND UNWIELDY LOOKING! GIVES THE REDS TOO MUCH PLANE TO SHOOT AT!

THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE FAST, MANEUVERABLE AND AWFULLY HARD FOR AN ENEMY GUNNER TO HIT! WE'LL SOON KNOW.



A MOMENT LATER, AT THE AIR-STRIP, STEVE TALKS TO THE TEST-PILOT THAT ACCOMPANIED THE SHIPS FROM THE FACTORY...

WELL, CAPTAIN, DO YOU THINK YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE THESE BABIES?

CAN'T TELL. MISTER! THEY LOOK FAST, BUT I DOUBT IF THEY CAN OUT-MANEUVER WHAT WE'RE USING NOW.

I'LL TELL YOU, CAPTAIN. YOU'VE GOT A REPUTATION FOR BEING THE HOTTEST FIGHTER PILOT IN KOREA. NOW, I'LL JUST BET YOU THAT I CAN OUT-MANEUVER AND OUT-FIGHT YOU IN ONE OF THESE BABIES.

YOU JUST MADE YOURSELF A BET!



WHEN I END THIS DEMONSTRATION, YOU'RE GOING TO BE IN LOVE WITH THIS CRATE!

JOE, LOAD OUR GUNS WITH PRACTISE BLANKS! IT'LL MAKE IT MORE REALISTIC!



THE TWO SHIPS TAKE TO THE AIR AND LEVELLING OUT AT THE SAME ALTITUDE, WAIT FOR THE SIGNAL! A MOMENT LATER, IT COMES AND...



NOW, WHERE THE DICKENS DID THAT CHARACTER GO? I...

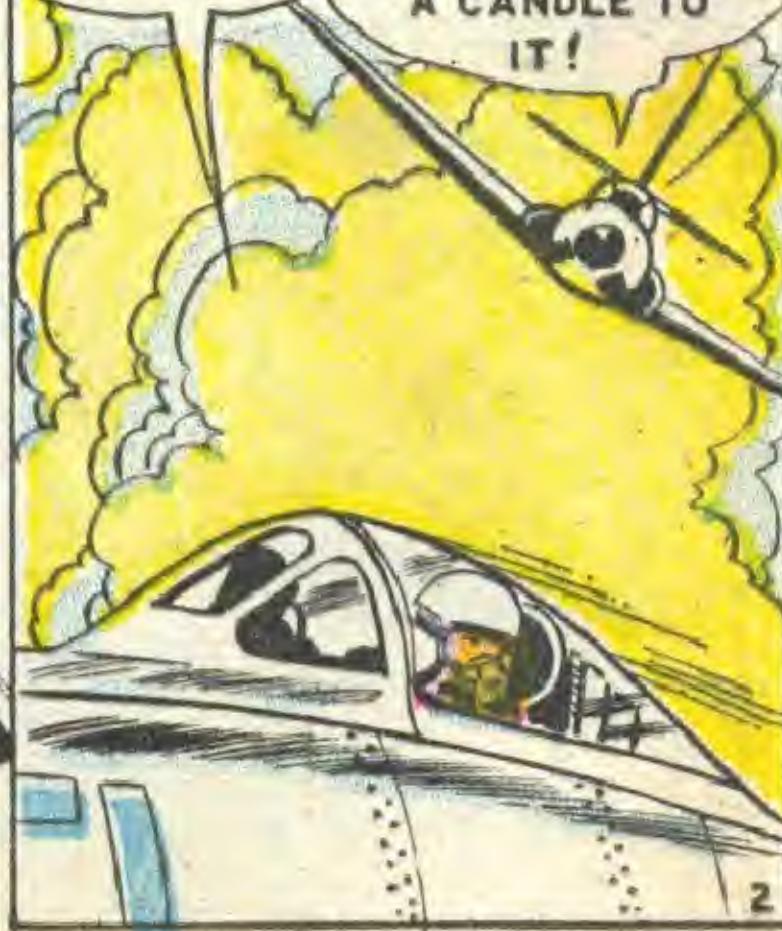


I'M LIKE A SITTING DUCK TO THAT CHARACTER! I NEVER HAD A CHANCE!

HOW ABOUT IT, CAPTAIN? READY TO CALL IT QUILTS?



I AM! AND IS NOT ME, CAPTAIN, THE SHIP! MY FACE RED! YOU MADE ME IT'S A HONEY! FEEL LIKE A THERE'S NOTHING KINDERGARTEN PILOT! IN THIS WORLD THAT CAN HOLD A CANDLE TO IT!





A WEEK GOES BY, THEN--

SQUADRON A, ATTENTION! ALL PILOTS ASSEMBLE FOR BRIEFING IN FIVE MINUTES!



SOUNDS LIKE AN ESCORT JOB! BUT WHAT'RE WE GOING TO DO FOR GUNNERS!

OKAY, BOYS, STOP YAKKING, AND LET'S GO!



OPERATIONS, A MOMENT LATER...

YOU'RE GOING TO FORM FIGHTER PROTECTION FOR A BIG NIGHT- RAID ON UIJI! TARGET FOR TONIGHT IS THE UIJI ROLLER BEARING WORKS! YOU'LL RENDEZVOUS WITH THE BOMBERS OVER ANDONG AT EXACTLY---0200! ANY QUESTIONS?



OUR RADAR MEN, SIR?

THEY'RE WAITING AT YOUR SHIPS! DON'T FORGET THE EXPLOSIVES CHARGES IN YOUR SHIPS! IF YOU ARE FORCED DOWN--YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO! GOOD LUCK MEN!



AT THE AIR-STRIP, A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE RADAR MEN REPORT...

SERGEANT LOGAN REPORTING, SIR!

HOWDY, SERGEANT! INCIDENTALLY, THERE'S NO FORMALITY IN THIS SQUADRON--EXCEPT WHEN IN HEARING OF COLONEL DONOVAN! YOU'LL CALL ME STEVE.



THAT'S RIGHT WITH ME, STEVE. MY FRIENDS CALL ME LOGAN, OR LOGY FOR SHORT!

IT'S LOGY THEN! GRAB A SEATFUL OF COCKPIT, BOY--WE'RE OFF FOR A COOK'S TOUR OF NORTH KOREA!



THIRTY MINUTES LATER, OVER ANDONG, STEVE'S SQUADRON RENDEZVOUS WITH THE BOMBER GROUP...

OKAY, BOYS, THERE THEY ARE! KEEP TO GROUP FORMATION, AND COVER AT ONE THOUSAND FEET. KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN! LET'S GO.



SOMETIME LATER, THE RAIDERS ARE OVER TARGET AND PEELING OFF FOR THEIR BOMB-RUNS, DROP THEIR LETHAL CARGO OF T.N.T.! THE FIGHTER CRAFT FORMS A COVER OF PROTECTION ABOVE THEM AND BEYOND THE FIGHTERS LURKS THEIR CAPTAIN AND LOGAN AS SOLITARY SENTINELS---



ANOTHER COMMIE WAR PLANT PULVERIZED! WHAT'D YOU SAY?

WE'RE IN FOR A BAD STORM, STEVE! IT'S COMING UP FAST BEHIND US!



WE'D BETTER JOIN THE SQUADRON! WE CAN'T AFFORD TO BE --

IT'S HIT US! WE'RE IN FOR A BAD TIME!



A CURTAIN OF RAIN CLOSES IN, CUTS THEIR VISIBILITY TO ZERO! WIND TEARS AT THEM, TWISTS THEM IN ITS GIANT HAND--

WE'LL TEAR OURSELVES TO PIECES IF WE TRY BUCKING THIS HEAD-ON! WE'LL HAVE TO RUN BEFORE IT!

BETTER MAKE IT QUICK! WE SEEM TO BE CAUGHT RIGHT IN IT!



THE WINGS ARE TAKING AN AWFUL BEATING!

WE'LL MAKE IT! WHEN THE U.S. ARMY BUYS COMBAT CRAFT, THEY MAKE SURE THEY'RE REALLY BUILT! HOLD ON!



FOR NEARLY AN HOUR, STEVE BATTLES THE RAGING STORM! THEN, SUDDENLY ---

WE'RE IN THE CLEAR! I? OH, OH, STEVE--VISITORS! AND RED ONES AT THAT!

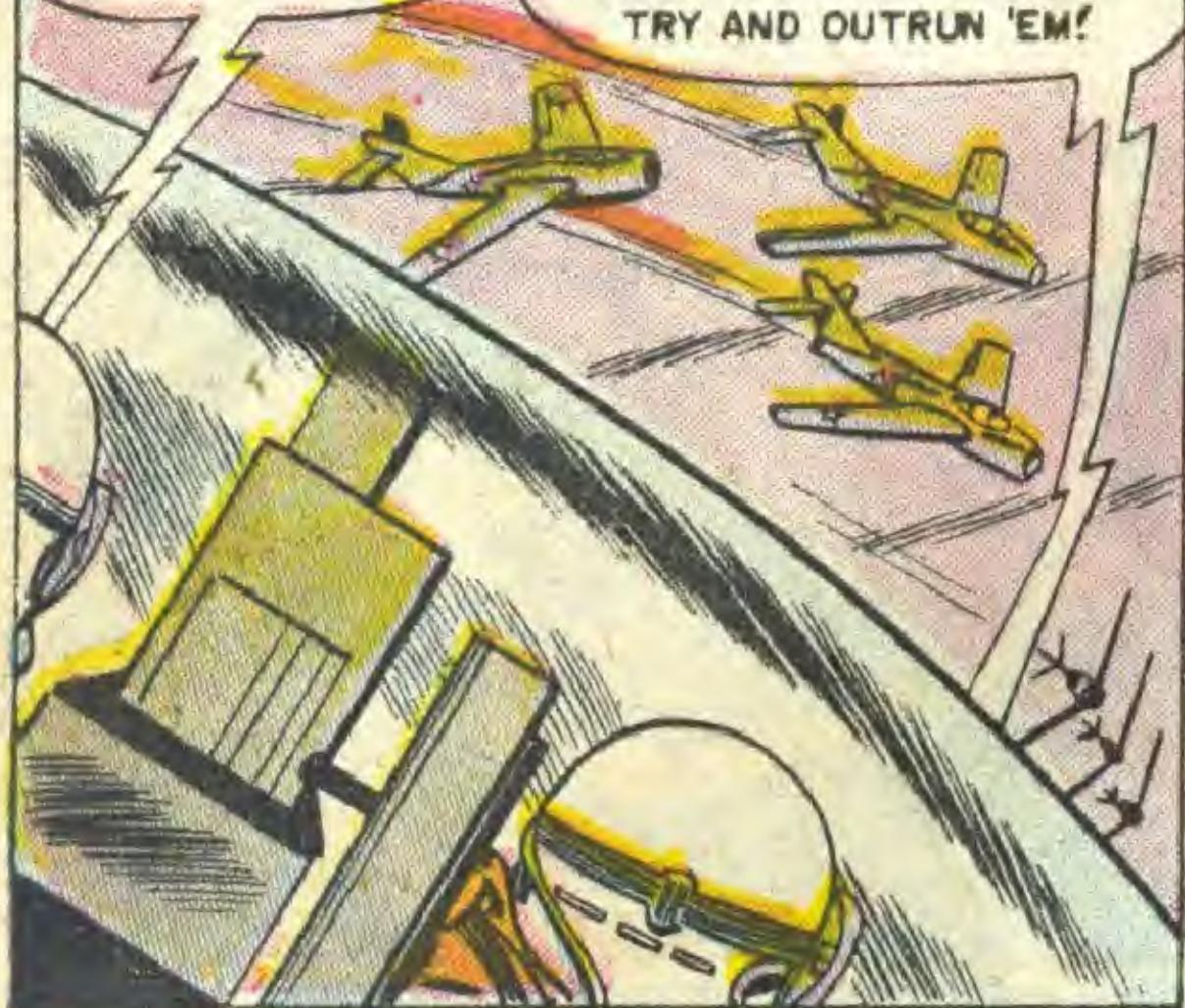
A NICE MESS! WE'RE LOW ON GAS--TOO LOW TO EVEN MAKE OUR OWN LINES!



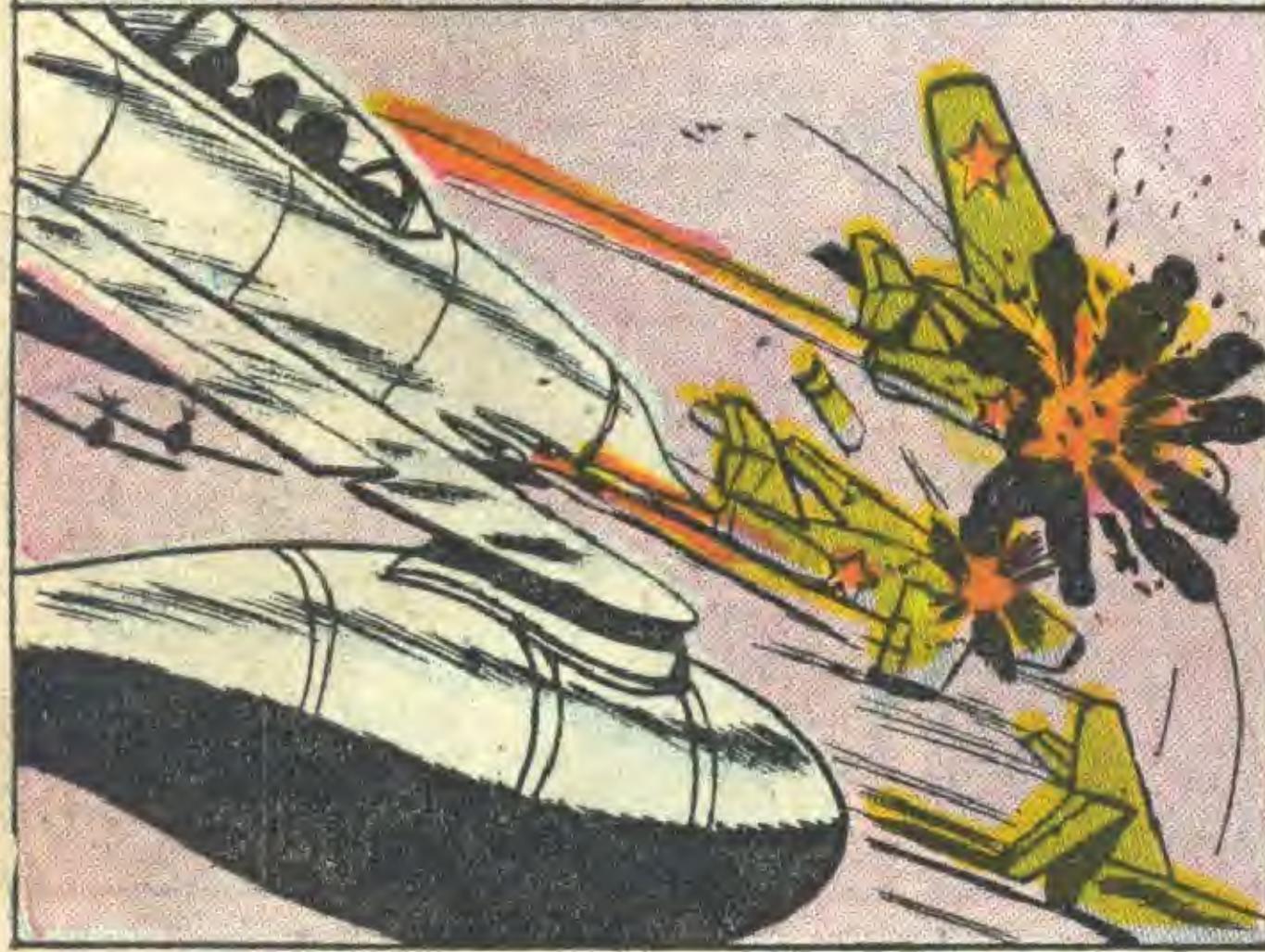
THERE'S AT LEAST TWENTY OF THEM, STEVE!

AND THEY'VE COME IN FROM THE SOUTH TO CUT US OFF! WE'LL HAVE TO TRY AND OUTRUN 'EM!

BUT FIRST, WE'RE GIVING THEM SOMETHING TO REMEMBER US BY!



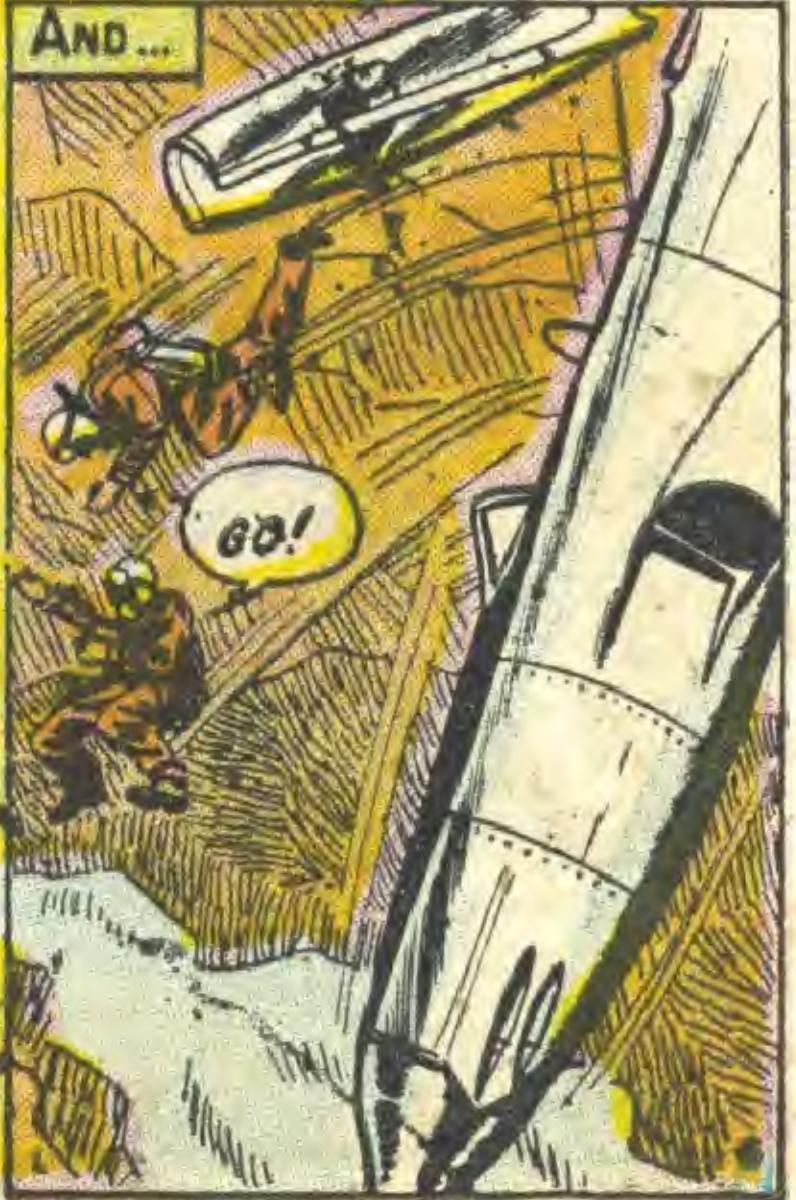
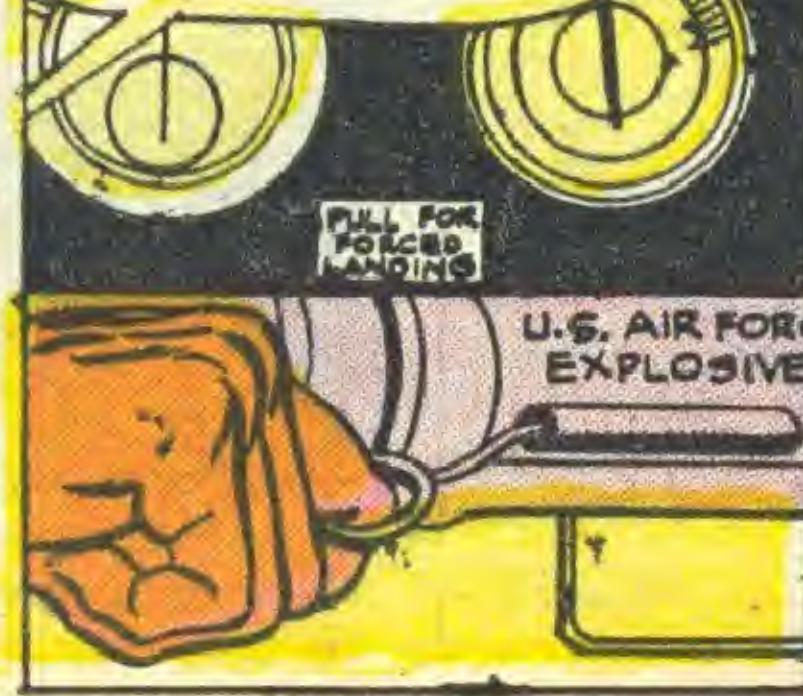
STEVE KICKS HIS SHIP INTO A STEEP, SCREAMING DIVE, HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE THREE FOREMOST ENEMY JETS! BEFORE THEY KNOW IT, HE'S IN THEIR MIDST, GUNS BLAZING!



HOW'RE WE DOING? THEY'RE SO FAR BEHIND THEY'LL NEVER CATCH UP! BUT--HEY, THAT'S THE YALU RIVER BELOW US! WE'RE IN MANCHURIA!



I HAVE NEWS FOR YOU! MAN-CHURIA'S OUR NEXT STOP, AND WE'RE GOING TO BE ON FOOT! I'VE JUST ACTIVATED THE EXPLOSIVE-CHARGE. IT'LL EXPLODE WHEN THE SHIP HITS THE GROUND! GET READY TO JUMP! WE'RE LEAVING THIS CRATE IN JUST SIXTY SECONDS!





TORCHES HELD ALOFT,
THEIR EYES SEARCHING,
THE MONGOL TRIBESMEN STREAM
ACROSS THE PLAIN...

AND...
THEY'VE SPOTTED US!
WE'RE FINISHED, LOGY, BUT
BEFORE THEY GET US--
LET'S TAKE SOME OF THEM
ALONG TO KEEP US COMPANY!

CAN STEVE AND LOGY STEM THE TIDE OF HORSEMEN,
OR MUST THEY PERISH IN THE WILD, BLOODY RUSH?
CHAPTER TWO GIVES THE AMAZING ANSWER... 7

CRASH LANDING IN MANCHURIA!

THIS IS IT!
SO-LONG,
STEVE!

WILD TRIBESMEN OF THE PLAINS, STRIKING SWIFTLY, FEROCIOUSLY! SWORDS AND ANTIQUATED MUSKETS AGAINST MACHINE GUNS AND HEAVY ARTILLERY! HORSES AGAINST MODERN ARMORED TANKS! THESE ARE THE ODDS STEVE SAVAGE AND LOGAN MUST ACCEPT WHEN THEY THROW IN THEIR LOT WITH THE RAIDERS!

WAIT! THE BIG BOSS
IS MAKING A SIGN
OF FRIENDSHIP!

IF THESE GUYS ARE
REDS, THEY'LL MAKE
PEACE SIGNS WITH ONE
HAND AND STAB US IN THE
BACK WITH THE OTHER!

BE NOT AFRAID OF US,
FRIEND. WE DO NOT
SLAY THE AMERICANS.
WE TOOK YOU AT FIRST
FOR THE ENEMY, THE THRICE
ACCURSED RED ONES!

HEY, THE GUY
SPEAKS ENGLISH!

YES, I HAD THE HONOR OF PLAYING HOST TO ONE OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN--SOME YEARS AGO. A GREAT EXPLORER FROM YOUR MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. HE WAS MY GUEST FOR NEARLY A YEAR!

WE'RE CERTAINLY GLAD YOU TURNED OUT TO BE A FRIEND!

YOU WILL HONOR MY CAMP! I AM CALLED KWANG THE STRONG, CHIEFTAIN OF THE SHUANGCHENG!

I'M STEVE SAVAGE AND MY FRIEND IS, JAZZ LOGAN!

HU SHEI! BRING TWO HORSES FOR OUR GUESTS! WE MUST MOVE ON. I DO NOT WANT THE RED ONES TO KNOW MY PEOPLE ARE IN THIS VICINITY--UNTIL I CHOOSE THE HOUR!

SOON... STEVE, WHAT'M I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW? THEY NEVER TAUGHT ME TO RIDE IN BROOK-LYN.

HANG ON, AND IF YOU CAN'T HANG ON--PRAY, AND IF YOU CAN'T PRAY, DON'T LOOK TO ME FOR SYMPATHY!

YOU'RE A LOT OF HELPS

THE TROOP MOVES SWIFTLY, TOWARD THE DISTANT MOUNTAINS! RIDING HARD AT DAWN, MANY HOURS LATER-

MY VILLAGE. IT SHALL BE YOURS AS LONG AS YOU COMMAND!

THANKS, KWANG, BUT WE'D LIKE TO GET BACK TO OUR BASE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

BETWEEN YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE, THAT'S GOOD ENOUGH, KWANG. LIE MANY MILES OF ENEMY COUNTRY! IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE TO TRAVERSE IT BY FOOT! BIDE WITH ME AWHILE. WE WILL PUT OUR WITS TO THE PROBLEM!

EARLY THAT SAME EVENING, AFTER A FEW HOURS REST IN KWANG'S YURT, STEVE AND LOGAN SATISFY THEIR APPETITES WHILE KWANG TELLS THEM OF HIS PEOPLE'S CONSTANT STRUGGLE AGAINST THE COMMUNIST ENEMY...

AYE, WE OF SHUANGCHENG, HAVE NEVER SURRENDERED TO THE RED DOGS! THEY'VE COME TO RESPECT OUR SHARP FANGS!



IT IS CHING, ONE OF MY SENTRYES FROM THE HIGH PASS! HE BRINGS ME NEWS THAT WILL GLADDEN MY HEART, I THINK! COME, RECEIVE HIM WITH ME!



THEY COME WITH MANY BIG GUNS AND THE IRON CARS SCOUT THE WAY!

ARTILLERY AND TANKS, HE MEANS. BUT DON'T TELL ME KWANG IS THINKING OF TANGLING WITH THEM. IT'S SUICIDE!



CONSIDERING YOUR OUT-MODED WEAPONS, IT'S REMARKABLE THAT YOU'RE ABLE TO FIGHT THEM! I...

HA! SOMETHING HAS EXCITED MY MEN!



HO, KWANG, THE STRONG ONE, LEADER OF HIS PEOPLE, I BRING YOU THAT WHICH YOU HAVE WAITED LONG FOR. AN ARMY OF THE RED ONES... MOVING TOWARD THE PASS!

A CHINESE DIVISION, APPARENTLY.

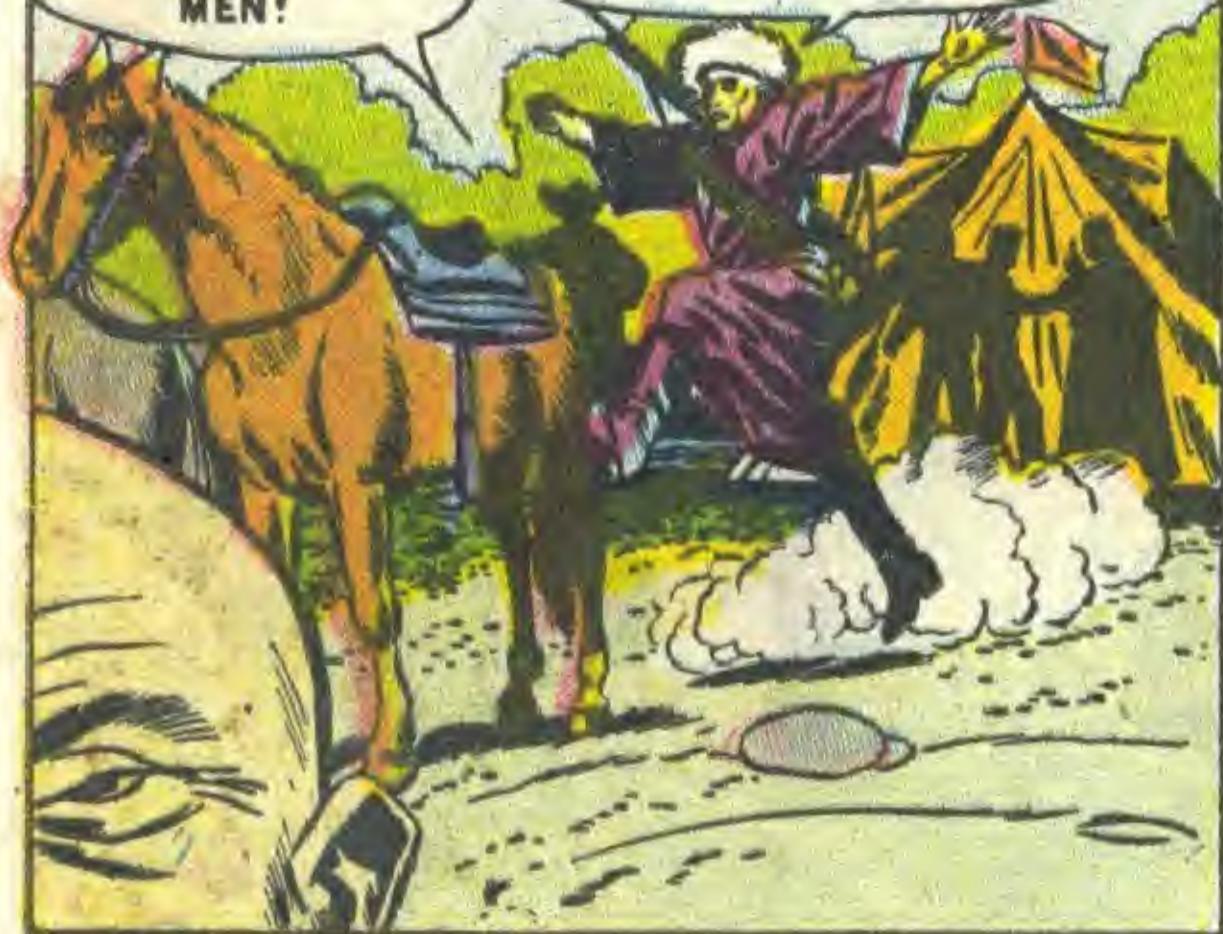


HO, MEN OF A THOUSAND VICTORIES! ONCE MORE WE GIVE BATTLE TO THE RED ONES. ONCE MORE WE DIP OUR BLADES IN BLOOD!



YOU CAN'T BE SERIOUS! YOU'VE ONLY A COUPLE OF HUNDRED MEN!

THE SHUANGHENG IS TRAINED TO FIGHT FROM BIRTH! HE RIDES BEFORE HE WALKS... HE LIVES TO FIGHT!



YOU AND YOUR FRIEND WILL RIDE WITH ME... AND SEE SOMETHING TO REMEMBER AND TO PASS ON TO YOUR GRANDCHILDREN. YOU WILL SEE THE SHUANGCHENG... RIDE INTO BATTLE!



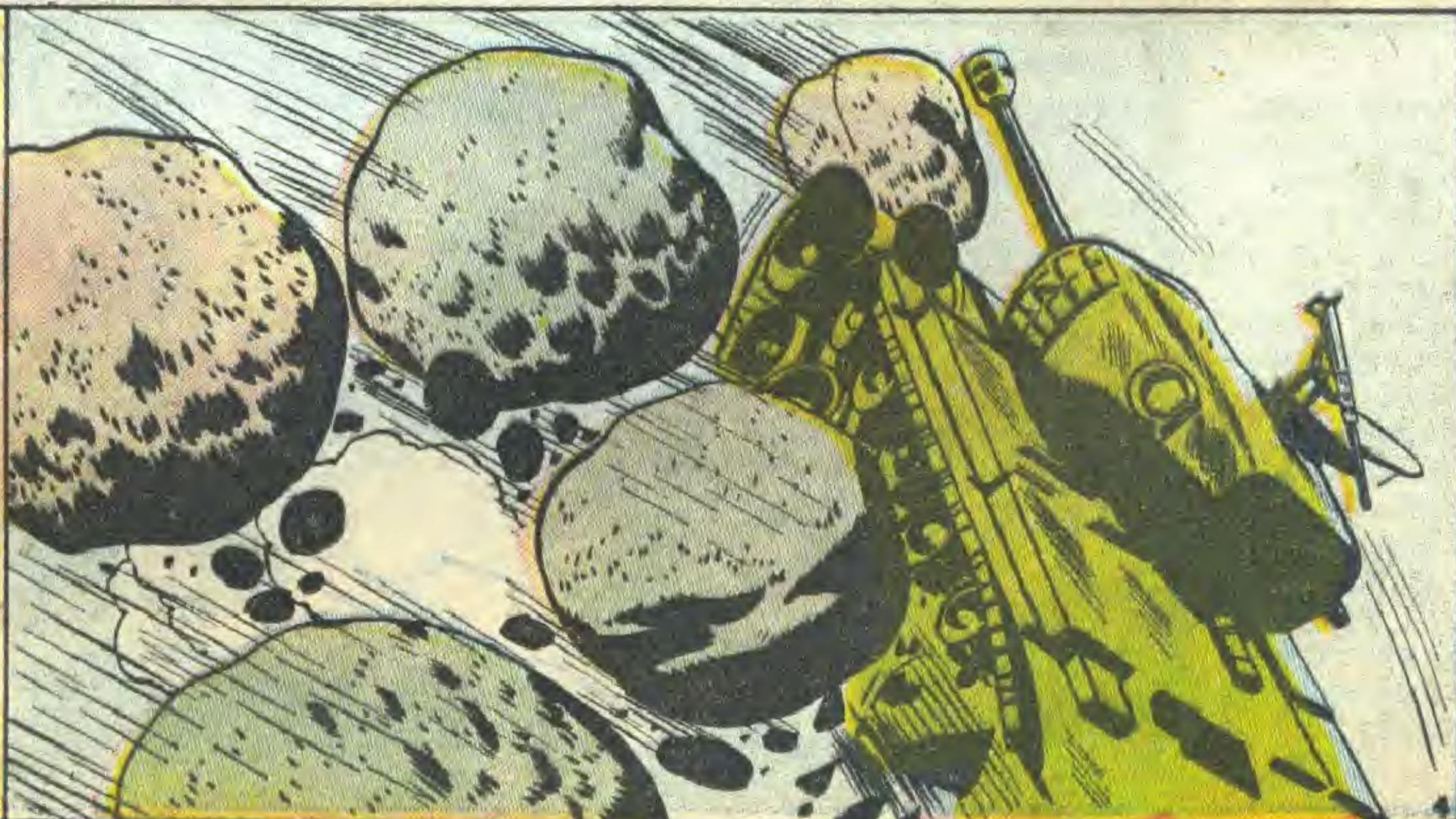
SOMETIME LATER, AT THE PASS, KWANG DIVIDES HIS FORCES UNDER THREE OF HIS SUB-CHEIFS, AND MAKES FURTHER PREPARATIONS TO MEET THE ENEMY...

HERE COME THE TANKS! IF YOU'RE GOING TO KNOCK THEM OUT, YOU'D BETTER ACT... FAST!

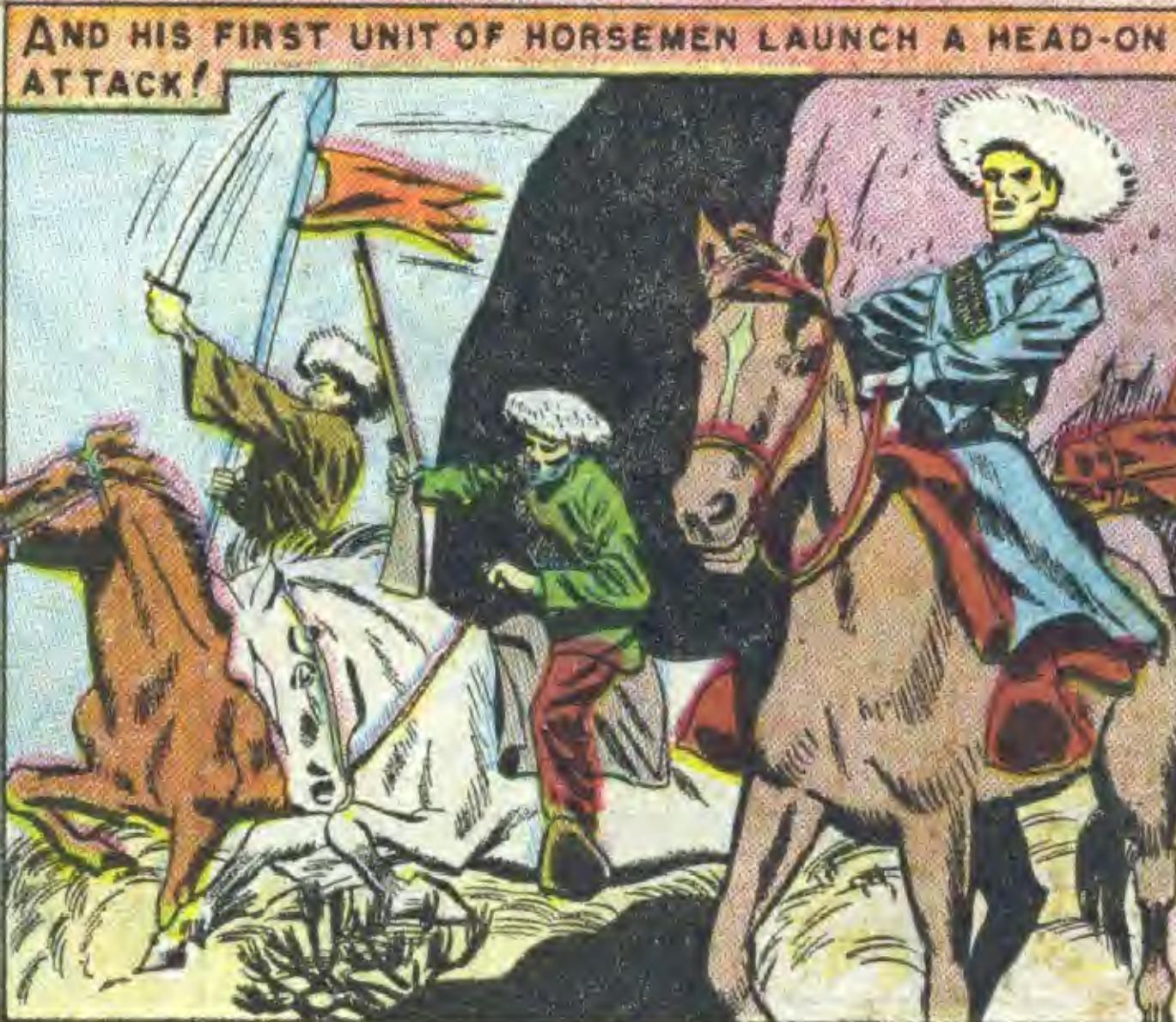
WATCH!



THE TANKS ENTER THE PASS AND MEET THE AVALANCHE OF ROCK WHICH THUNDERS DOWN TO BURY THEM FOREVER!



THE ADVANCE FORCE OF THE CHINESE INFANTRY DIVISION COMES TO A SUDEN HALT AT THE BARRIER! KWANG RAISES A HAND-CARVED TRUMPET TO HIS LIPS AND BLOWS A SINGLE EERIE NOTE...



DAZED WITH SHOCK, TERRIFIED BY THE SAVAGE FACES, THE BARBARIAN YELLS, SHRINKING FROM THE NAKED STEEL, THE ENEMY FALLS BACK, ONLY TO MEET STILL ANOTHER CHARGE!



AGAIN THE WEIRD NOTE OF THE TRIBAL CHIEF'S BATTLE-HORN, SUMMONING A THIRD SAVAGE ASSAULT ON THE ENEMY REAR! RISING ABOVE THE SOUND OF BATTLE... SOUNDS THE HIGH NOTE OF THE TRUMPET... TOLLING DEATH FOR COMMUNIST TROOPS!



THE RED DOGS CRINGE AT THE SHUANGCHENG
WAR-CRY! HO, SLAVES TO THE MEN OF THE NORTH!
MEET THE BLADES OF FREE MEN AND---DIE!



STEVE, DID YOU EVER
SEE ANYONE FIGHT LIKE
THESE DEVILS DO?

GIVE THESE BABIES
MODERN WEAPONS AND
SHOW THEM HOW TO
USE THEM--AND THEY'D
CONQUER CHINA ALL BY
THEMSELVES!



THE COMMIES
ARE STARTING
TO GET ORGAN-
IZED, KWANG!
IT'S NOT GOING
TO BE HEALTHY
HERE WHEN
THEY UNLIMBER
THEIR MACHINE-
GUNS!

KWANG KNOWS
THAT, FRIEND!
WE FIGHT
GUERRILLA WAR
-- HIT AND
RUN! I SOUND
THE RETREAT
NOW!



A HARSH, COMMANDING BLAST
FROM KWANG'S TRUMPET SOUNDS
THE RETREAT! IN A WELL EX-
ECUTED MANUEVER, THE TRIBES-
MEN WHIRL THEIR HORSES, SMASH
THROUGH THE ENEMY TROOPS...



...TO FREEDOM...

THEY'VE
OPENED UP
ON US!



ARE YOU NOW CONVINCED, AMERICAN-- THAT MY
PEOPLE CAN INFILCT MUCH DAMAGE ON THE RED
DOGS!
YOU BET, KWANG! WE LOST ABOUT SIX
MEN AGAINST THEIR SIX OR SEVEN
HUNDRED, TO SAY NOTHING OF SIX
TANKS!



AYE! WE DO WHAT WE CAN, AND WAIT FOR THE DAY
FOR THE
WORLD!
WHEN WE CAN STRIKE A REAL
BLOW FOR FREEDOM!



AYE! THE DAY WILL SOON COME WHEN NO COMMUNIST SCUM WILL FOUL THE GOOD EARTH!

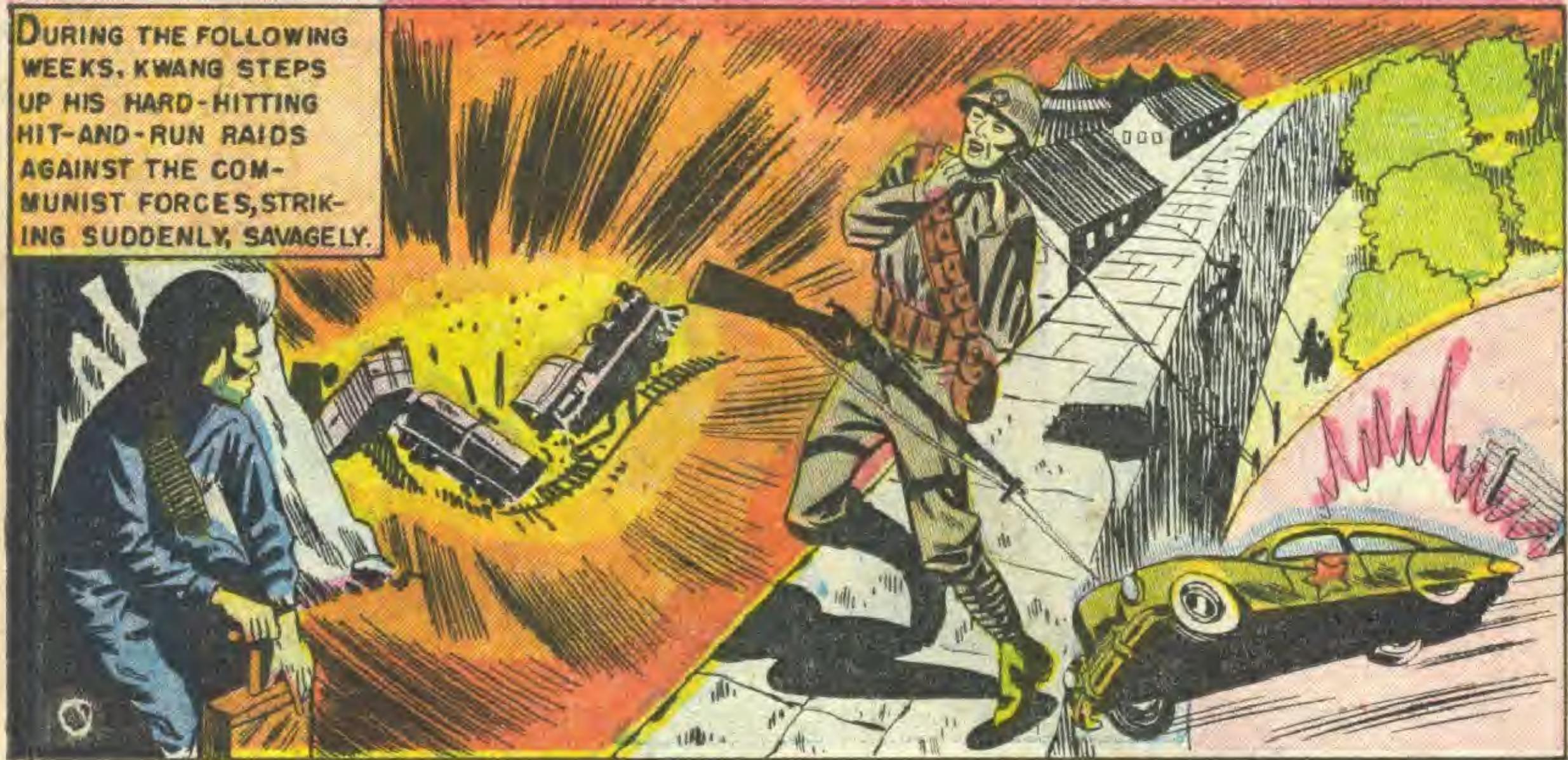
AMEN!

WELL, THERE'S SURE A LOT OF THEM BACK THERE THAT WON'T BE DOING THAT ANYMORE!

THAT'S RIGHT! OUR ATTACK COMPLETELY DEMORALIZED THEM! THEY'LL BE NO GOOD AS COMBAT TROOPS UNTIL THEY'VE BEEN COMPLETELY OVERHAULED, IT'LL TAKE WEEKS!



DURING THE FOLLOWING WEEKS, KWANG STEPS UP HIS HARD-HITTING HIT-AND-RUN RAIDS AGAINST THE COMMUNIST FORCES, STRIKING SUDDENLY, SAVAGELY.



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND JAZZ LOGAN ARE BECOMING RESTLESS FOR THEIR OWN COMMAND! ONE NIGHT, KWANG RETURNS TO THE YURT WITH GOOD NEWS FOR THE PAIR--

I HAVE AT LAST FOUND A WAY TO RETURN YOU TO YOUR PEOPLE! TO THE NORTH IS THE BIG AIR-BASE OF THE RED DOGS! A RAID ON IT IS OVERDUE. I...

YOU MEAN... KWANG, THAT'S THE BEST IDEA YET!



WHAT'RE YOU GUYS TALKING ABOUT?

WHERE THERE'S AN AIR-BASE, THERE'S ALSO PLANES!

DURING THE CONFUSION OF KWANG'S ATTACK, WE'LL SWIPE ONE,

AND FLY BACK TO BASE IN STYLE!



BUT TO THE NORTH IS A STRONG CONCENTRATION OF ENEMY TROOPS, EAGER TO BATTLE THE HATED KWANG AND HIS RAIDERS! YES, TO THE NORTH LIES DANGER AND---DEATH! READ IT IN CHAPTER THREE.

FLIGHT INTO DANGER!

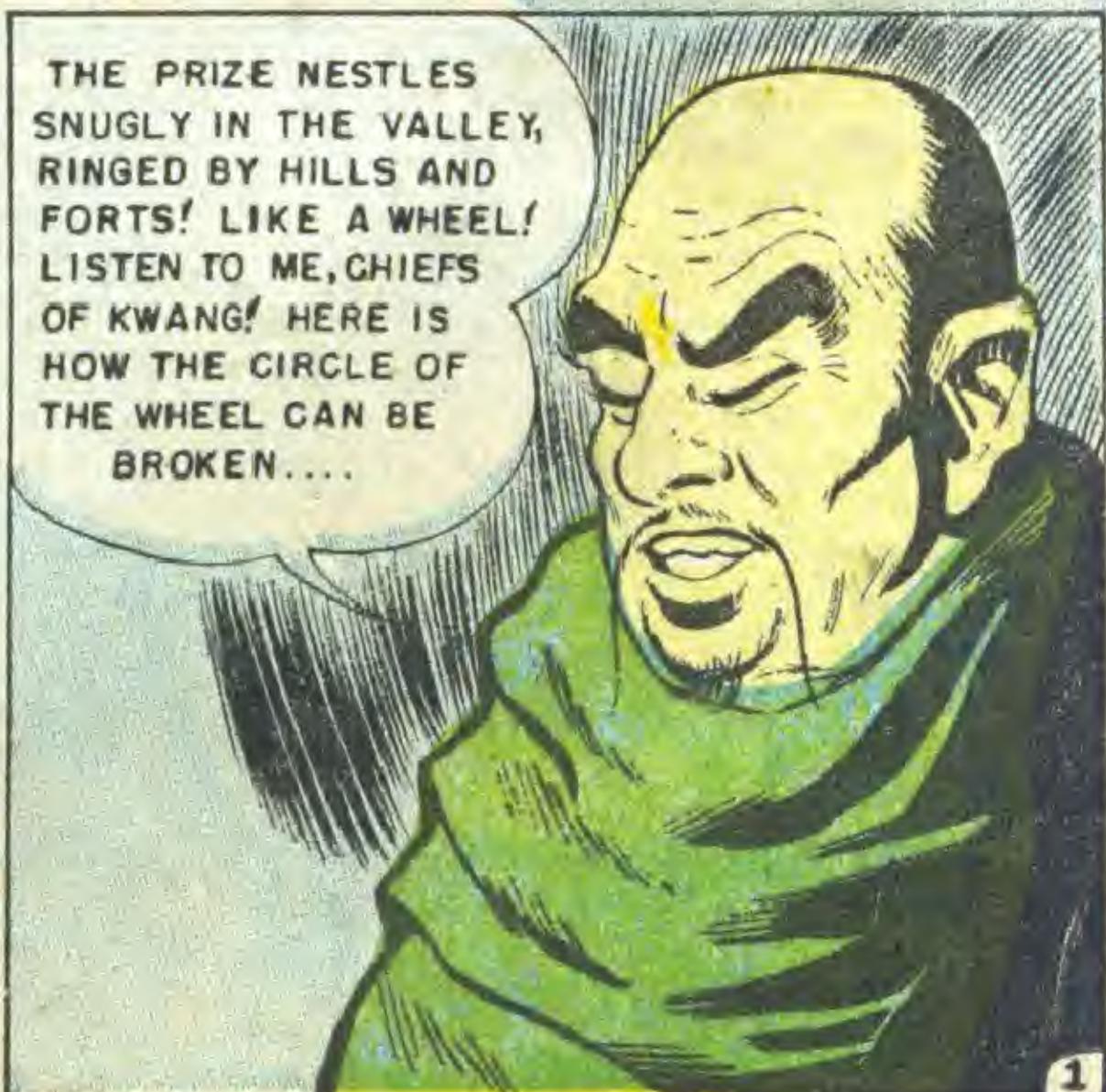
CAPTAIN STEVE SAVAGE AND HIS NAVIGATOR, JAZZ LOGAN, SPEND THEIR MOST HAIR-RAISING MOMENTS ON A--- "FLIGHT INTO DANGER!"

THAT NIGHT, KWANG RETIRES TO HIS YURT ALONE; AT DAWN CALLS A WAR-CONFERENCE OF HIS TRIBAL SUB-CHEIFS...

I, KWANG, HAVE DECIDED THE WAY! HERE LIES THE AIRFIELD OF THE NORTH ONES.

GO ON, KWANG.

THE PRIZE NESTLES SNUGLY IN THE VALLEY, RINGED BY HILLS AND FORTS! LIKE A WHEEL! LISTEN TO ME, CHIEFS OF KWANG! HERE IS HOW THE CIRCLE OF THE WHEEL CAN BE BROKEN....



LATER, AS THE RAIDERS
PREPARE FOR THE LONG MARCH.

KWANG
REALLY
KNOWS HIS
ONIONS, EH,
STEVE?

HE'S A
BRILLIANT
MILITARY
STRATEGIST,
LOGAN!

YEAH! I'D SURE
HATE TO BE
A COMMIE IN
THESE PARTS!

CAPTAIN!
WE PREPARE
TO MARCH.
COME!

BY NIGHTFALL, KWANG'S RAIDERS REACH
THE EDGE OF THE ENEMY AIRFIELD!

HU SHIE AND HIS MEN
WILL BE APPROACHING
THE ENEMY'S OUTPOST!
HURRY, DO YOUR JOB--
AND WAIT FOR
THE SIGNAL!

WE'RE
READY!

GO THEN, AND MAY THE
GODS BE WITH YOU!

MEANWHILE,
A FEW HUN-
DRED FEET
FROM THE
ENEMY'S
MAIN OUT-
POST, A
GROUP OF
KWANG'S
RAIDERS
UNDER THE
COMMAND
OF HU SHIE--

HE WHO WOULD APPROACH
THE RABBIT'S LAIR MUST
GO IN SILENCE---OR
LOSE THE GAME.
REMEMBER THESE
WORDS OF WISDOM,
OH, WARRIOR.

LET US
GO!

AND---

HO! WHO SKULKS THE
SHADOWS OF --

FATHER OF A GOAT!
WHAT MANNER OF --
TIS KWANG'S
RAIDERS!

MEANWHILE, AT THE ROAD LEADING FROM THE AIRFIELD TO THE MAIN ENEMY OUTPOST, STEVE AND LOGAN ---

RAT-TAT-TAT!
POW-BANG! POW-ZING!

THAT MUST BE
HU SHIE'S MEN!
THEY'VE ATTACKED
THE OUTPOST!

YEAH!

THAT'S SURE GONNA
STIR UP A HORNET'S
NEST!

C'MON, LET'S FINISH THE
JOB BEFORE THE REDS
START USING THIS ROAD!

AND AT THE ENEMY TROOP BARRACKS!

COLONEL CHING! KWANG'S
BANDITS ARE RAIDING
OUTPOST ONE!

WHAT?

SOUND ALARM! TURN
TROOPS OUT!

BONG!

WHILE BACK AT THE SIDE OF THE ROAD--

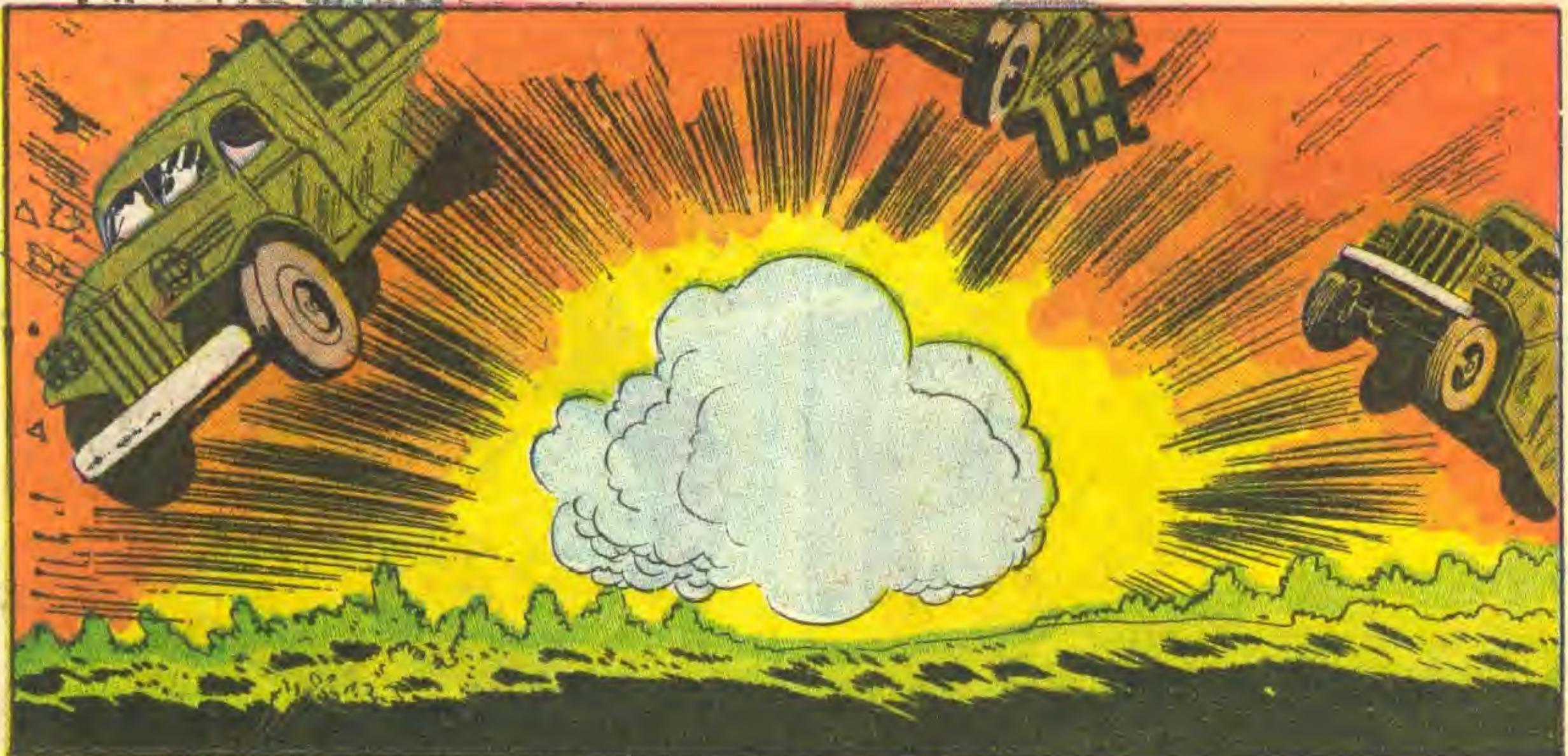
THE REDS
SHOULD
BE ROLLING
BY HERE
ANY MINUTE!

HERE THEY COME NOW!
HIT THE BRUSH AND
GET SET ON THAT
BATTERY-BOX!

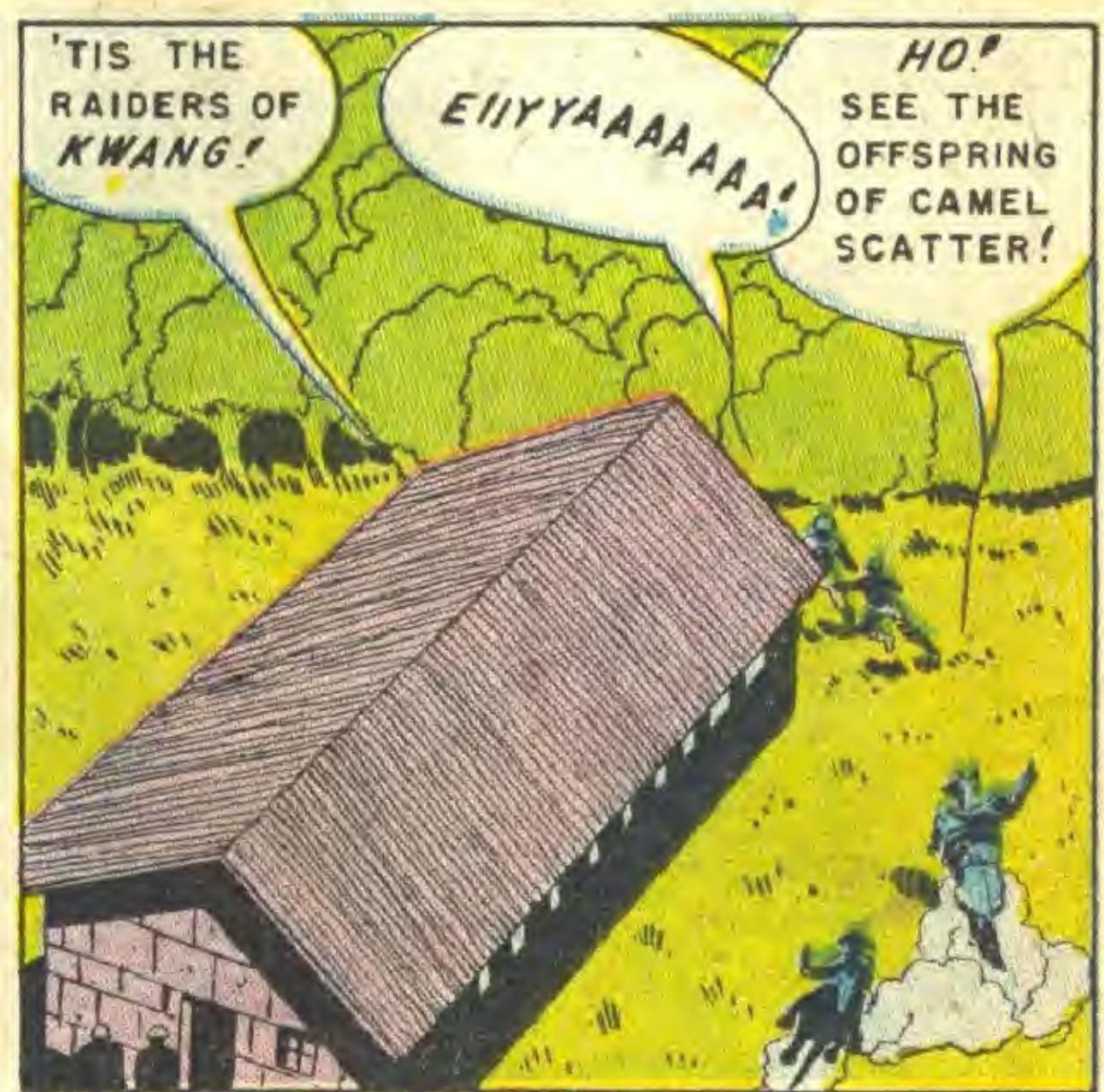
A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE TROOP-TRUCKS ROLL ALONG
THE STRETCH OF ROAD WHERE---

HOW MUCH LONGER,
STEVE?

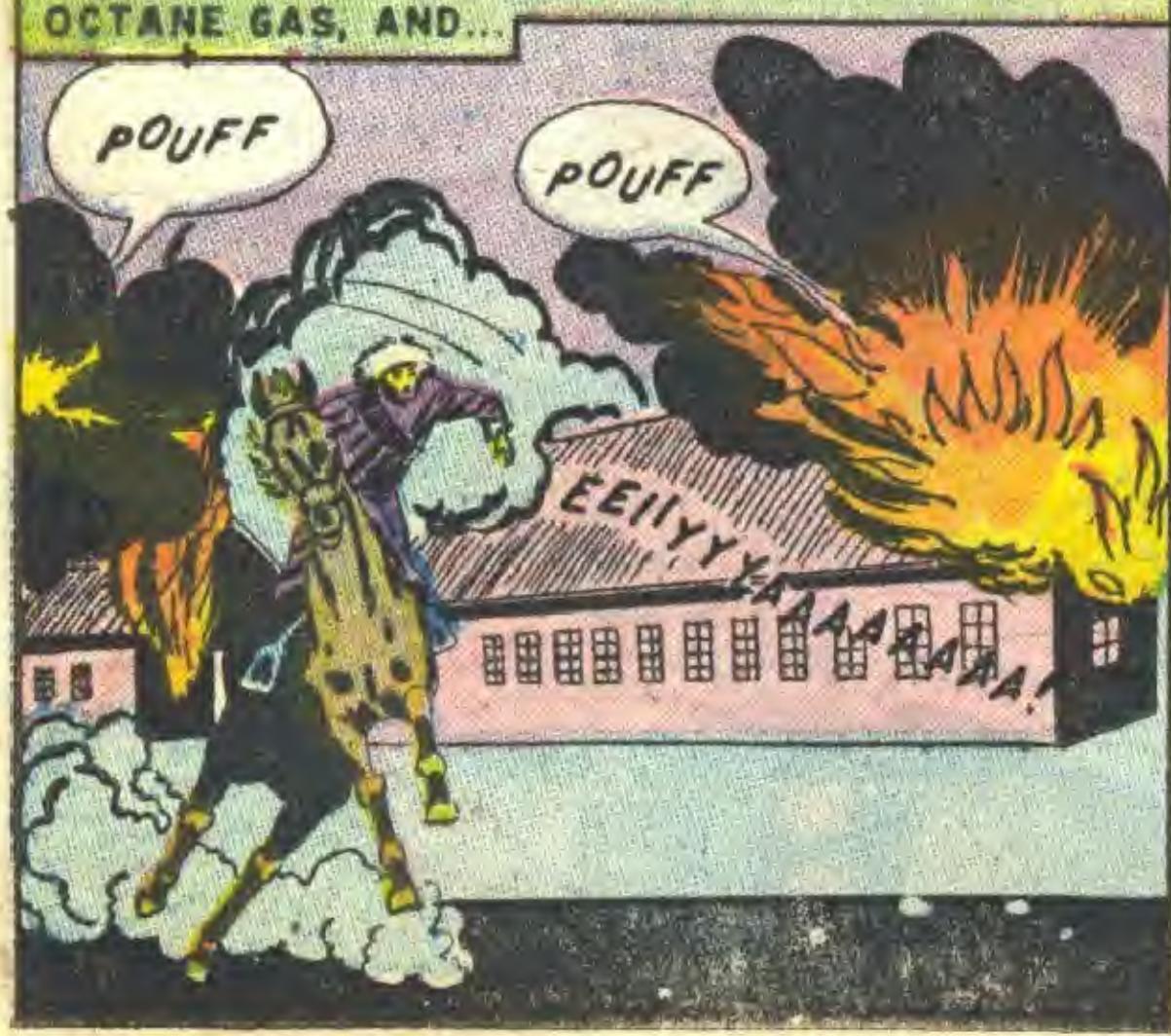
I'LL COUNT OFF:
NINE, EIGHT, SEVEN,
SIX, FIVE, FOUR, THREE,
TWO, ONE--ZERO. GO!



THE BLOWING UP OF THE ROAD ACTS AS A SIGNAL TO KWANG'S MAIN FORCE! KWANG MOTIONS TO FOUR TEAMS PICKED FOR A SPECIAL JOB OF DESTRUCTION...



AS THE ENEMY TROOPS SCATTER, KWANG'S MEN FLING THEIR BOTTLES FILLED WITH HIGH OCTANE GAS, AND...



THE RAIDER TEAMS RACE TOWARD THE AIRFIELD AND KWANG'S MAIN ATTACKING FORCE...



THE ENEMY HAS BEEN PUT TO ROUTE!

PRAY WE DO AS WELL AS THOU AGAINST THE HOUSES THAT GIVE SHELTER TO THE ENEMY'S PLANES!



MEANWHILE, APPROACHING THE AIRFIELD RUNWAYS FROM THE OPPOSITE SIDE, STEVE AND LOGAN SPOT...

I'VE LOOK, STEVE... GOT SOMETHING FOR TWO SOLDIERS AND A GREASE-MONKEY!

JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY!



HEY, WHERE DO I FIT INTO THIS DEAL? THAT COCKPIT WAS MADE TO CARRY ONLY ONE!

MAKE BELIEVE YOU'RE ON THE SUBWAY DURING THE RUSH-HOUR!



AND A MOMENT LATER...

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

TO FARAWAY PLACES, BUT FIRST...WE'VE GOT A LITTLE BUSINESS!



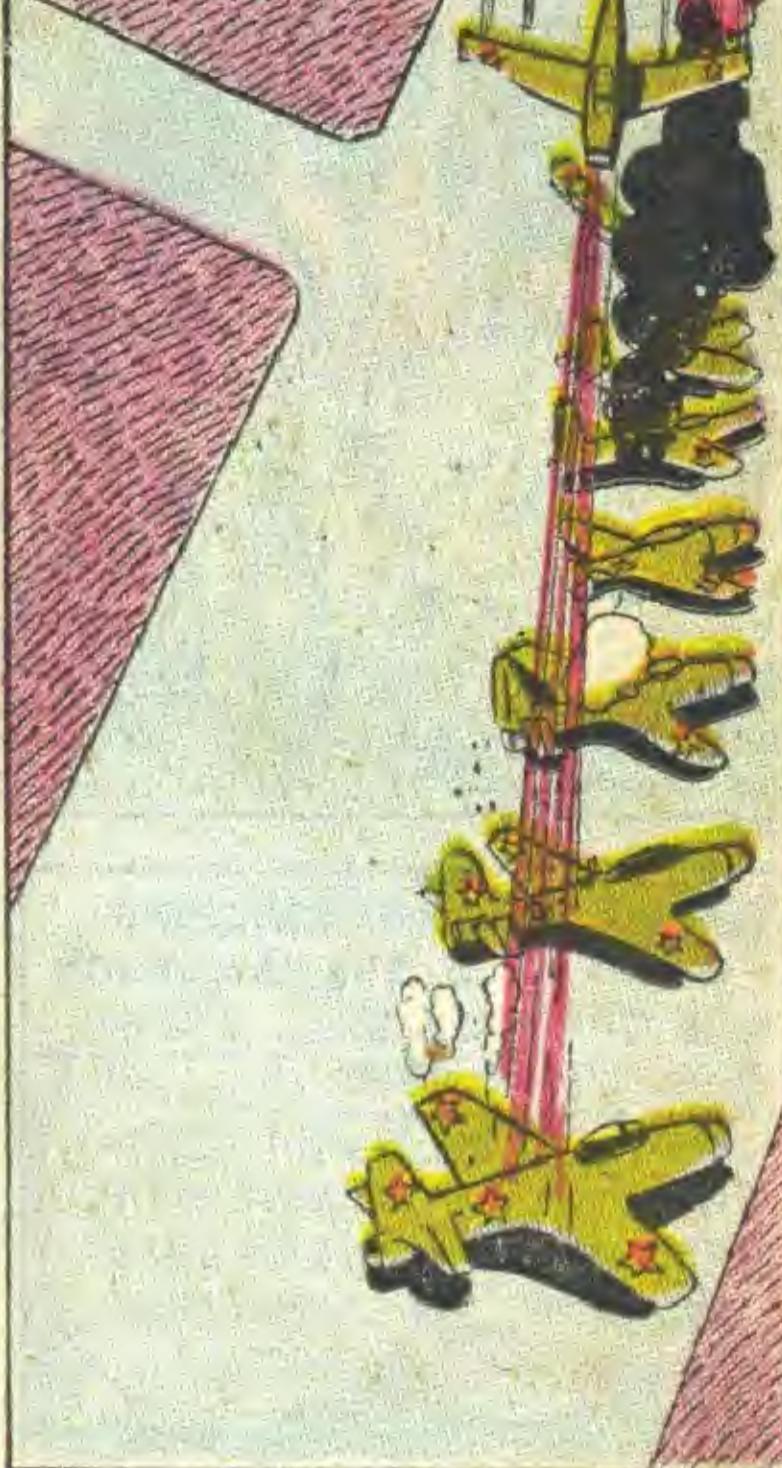
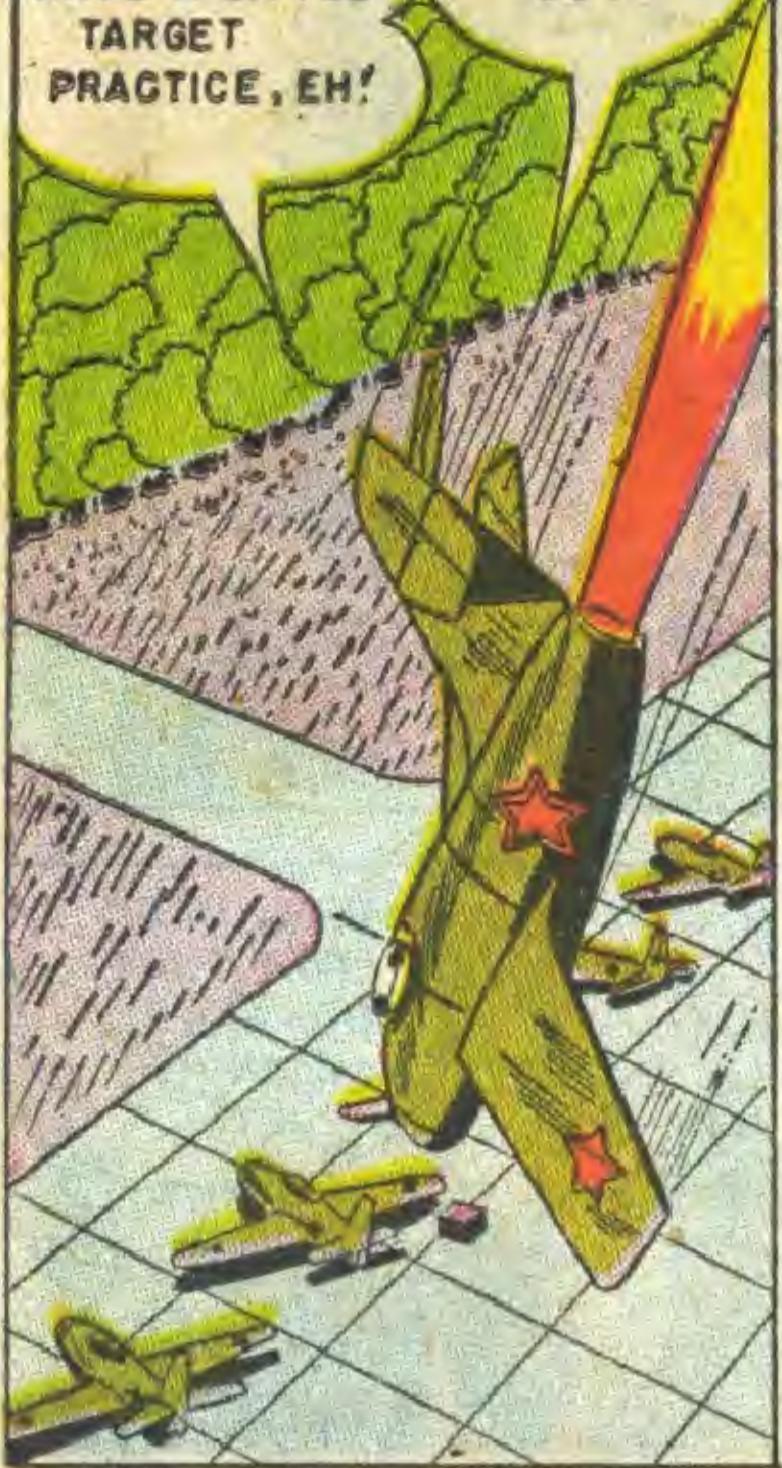
STEVE POINTS THE RED JET STRAIGHT AT THE ROWS OF PARKED PLANES ON THE FIELD--

OH, WE'RE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE TARGET PRACTICE, EH?

HANG ON, HERE WE GO!

YOWIE! I HAVEN'T HAD SO MUCH FUN IN A LONG TIME!

STEVE WEAVES BACK AND FORTH ACROSS THE FIELD... STITCHING OUT A PATTERN OF DESTRUCTION---



PUT THY BACKS IN IT! TIS THE ENEMY WE WISH TO DESTROY!

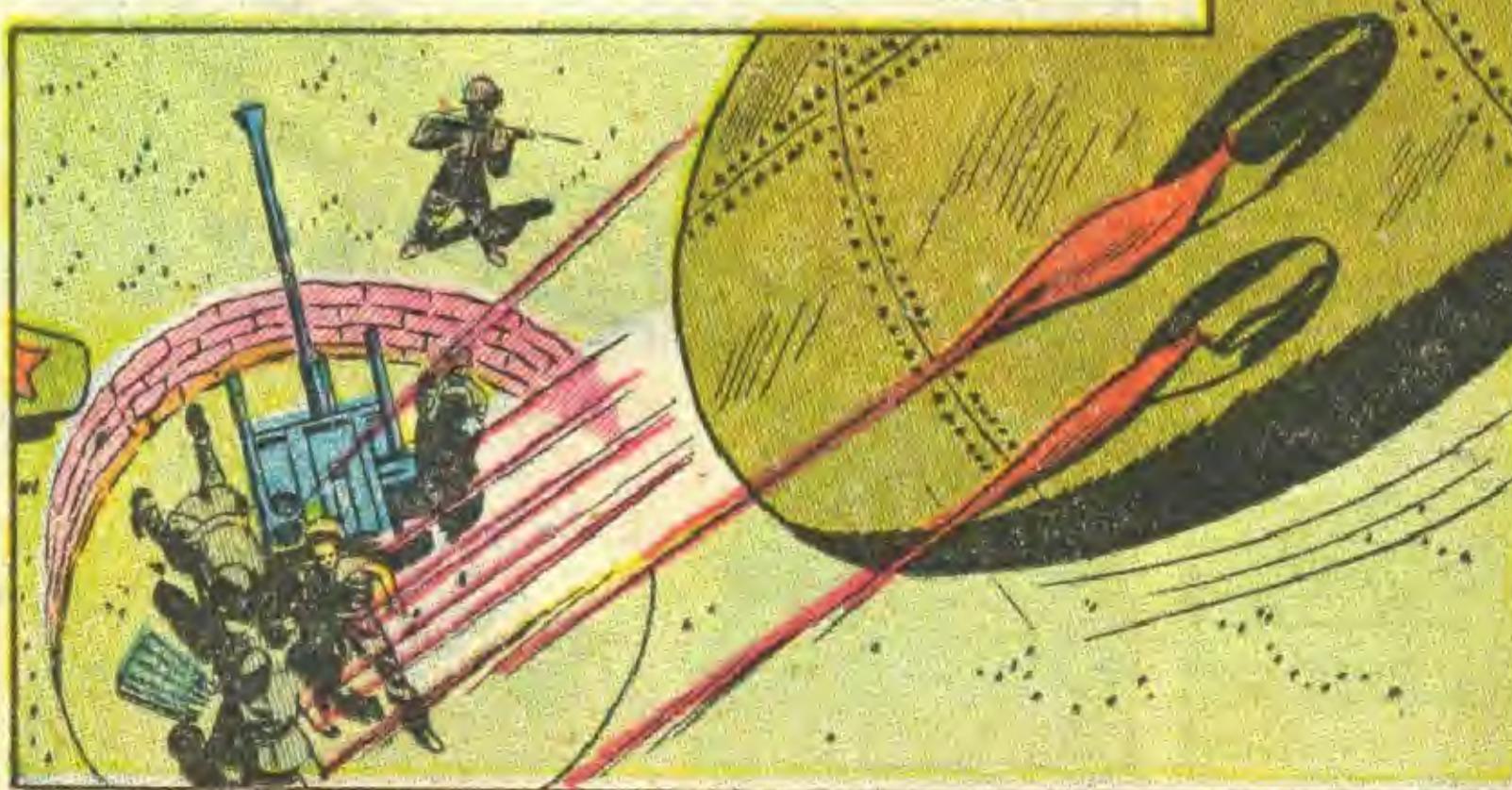
I---?

CAPITAN! THEY ARE BEHIND US!



BOY, WE REALLY CLEARED THINGS UP!

WE'LL HIT FOR KWANG'S CAMP NOW, BUT FIRST--- WE'LL SEE IF HIS BOYS NEED ANY HELP!



HE'S WAVING FOR
US TO GO ON---

STEVE
FLYS LOW,
CIRCLES
KWANG AND
HIS RAIDERS
WHO HAVE
STARTED TO
MOVE BACK!



WOW! THEY REALLY MESSED THIS
PLACE UP! THE COMMIES'LL REMEMBER
THIS DAY FOR THE REST OF THEIR
LIVES!



WITHIN AN HOUR, STEVE AND LOGAN ARE BACK AT KWANG'S CAMP! TWO DAYS GO BY BEFORE KWANG AND HIS RAIDERS ARRIVE, AND THEN--

EVERYTHING
WENT WELL,

AYE! BUT
NOW I AM SAD,
BECAUSE I
LOSE YOU.



WE'LL BE BACK SOMEDAY,
KWANG. AND WHEN MY PEOPLE
PARACHUTE YOU THE NEW
WEAPONS I HAVE PROMISED,
I'LL BE ALONG!



THIS CAMP OF STICKS IS...
HUMBLE --- AND NOT FIT TO
HONOR A FRIEND IN, BUT
WHEN THE RED CLOUD
HAS PASSED AND THERE
IS PEACE ONCE MORE....



I WILL
COME TO
YOU!

YES, YOU WILL COME TO MY
CITY-- WHERE MY PEOPLE
CAN RECEIVE YOU IN JOY--
GOODBYE, FRIEND.



AND A MOMENT LATER--

WE'RE LEAVING THE
GREATEST, MOST
COURAGEOUS FIGHTER
I'VE EVER KNOWN...!

YOU CAN SAY
THAT AGAIN--
STEVE!



HOURS LATER,
CAPTAIN
STEVE
SAVAGE
AND LOGAN
ZOOM OVER
THEIR OWN
BASE. THEN...

I--? HEY, THE
BOYS ARE
COMING UP
TO MEET US!

WE'RE FLYING
AN ENEMY JET,
REMEMBER! GET
ON THE RADIO,
LOGAN. TRY TO CON-
TACT THE OPERATIONS
TOWER!



SOON AS I CAN FIGURE OUT
THESE GADGETS. I--WHA--?



I FORGOT HOW FAST
THEM NEW FIGHTERS
OF OURS CAN
MANUEVER!

HANG ON,
LOGAN, I'M
GOING TO CRASH-
LAND THIS CRATE!



STEVE TAKES THE ENEMY JET IN ON ITS NOSE, AND...

WOW! THAT WAS
ROUGH!

SHE'LL BE A BALL OF
FIRE IN SECONDS! UNJAM
YOURSELF, LOGAN--AND MOVE!



STEVE--- AND LOGAN!
GOOD GRAY, WHAT'RE
YOU DOING IN THAT
CRATE-- AND WHERE
THE DEVIL HAVE YOU
BEEN ALL THIS
TIME?

THAT'S A TALE FOR
THE BOOKS, JIM-- AND
ONE THAT'S GOT TO HAVE
SOME TIME FOR THE
TELLING!



BOY, THIS'LL BE A NIGHT!
WE'LL THROW A WING-DING!
AND WE WERE GETTING
READY TO GO INTO
MOURNING!

WELL, IF YOU'VE
STILL GOT THE
BLACK CREPE, SAVE IT!
THERE'S A CERTAIN RED
DIVISION-- AND AN AIR-
FIELD BACK UP NORTH
-- THAT I'D LIKE TO
CONTRIBUTE IT TO!
THEY NEED
IT!



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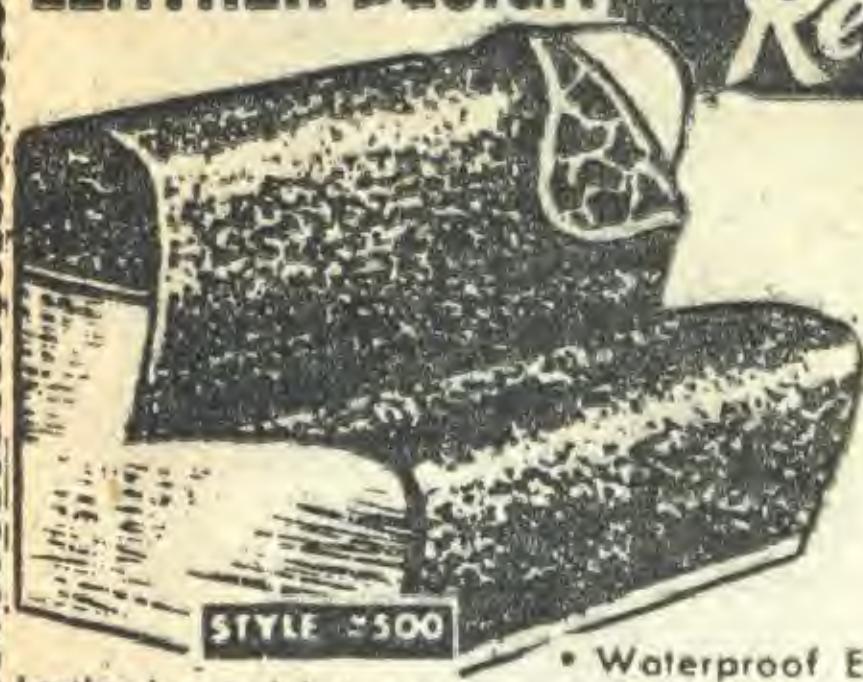
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THE BOOMERANG BATTERY

'Up in the hills immediately facing the U.N. position there was a Chinese battery that was raising hell. Jack Sedge crouched lower in his foxhole as another shell came whizzing his way. He was sore and weary and getting angry. He had slugged from Pusan to the Manchurian border the year before. He had slugged his way back to Pusan, and then again back up to the 38th Parallel.

Now, here they were, where the war had started, getting nowhere. The truce talks were on somewhere, but meanwhile it was push forward slowly, keeping the enemy off balance. And right at this moment, in this particular hour and valley, it looked like the Reds had them off balance.

The Chinese battery had their range. They were systematically knocking out U.N. foxholes and emplacements. Soon, maybe, the company would have to withdraw again to the hillside they had just quitted. The enemy gun, tucked away somewhere in the forbidding wilderness of the opposing hillside, was finding them out, no matter how smartly they had their camouflage set. Then there was a well-hidden Red machine-gun nest somewhere below and ahead of them. That was fixed so nicely that it couldn't be gotten to from the valley or from their own hillsides behind them. All in all, things were not pleasant at this particular moment.

As another shell sang its eerie way towards him, Jack dived lower into his shallow hole. He turned his head and looked back for an instant at the hills behind. And something glared for a moment; something almost blinded him.

Jack Sedge stared back. It was gone. But for a moment there had been a sharp spot of light coming from a point among the trees to the rear. Again the flicker came.

Sedge edged out of his hole, ran quickly to the C.O.'s shelter further

back. Hastily he told the officer what he had spotted and explained to him something he had in mind.

The officer nodded, gestured. Jack slipped away again, back further to the tree-covered rise. He slipped upward on the slope of the hillside, dodging behind bushes and trees, keeping out of sight. Gradually he worked his way around to the spot where he had seen the flashing. Sure enough, he finally spotted the man.

A figure in North Korean green was crouched among the bushes overlooking the valley. In his hand there was a small mirror, with which he flashed a beam of sunlight on the positions below. Clearly this was the reason for the proficiency of the Chinese artillery.

Jack slipped up silently behind the man, who was too intent on his spotting to hear. In a flash Jack drew his bayonet and leaped forward.

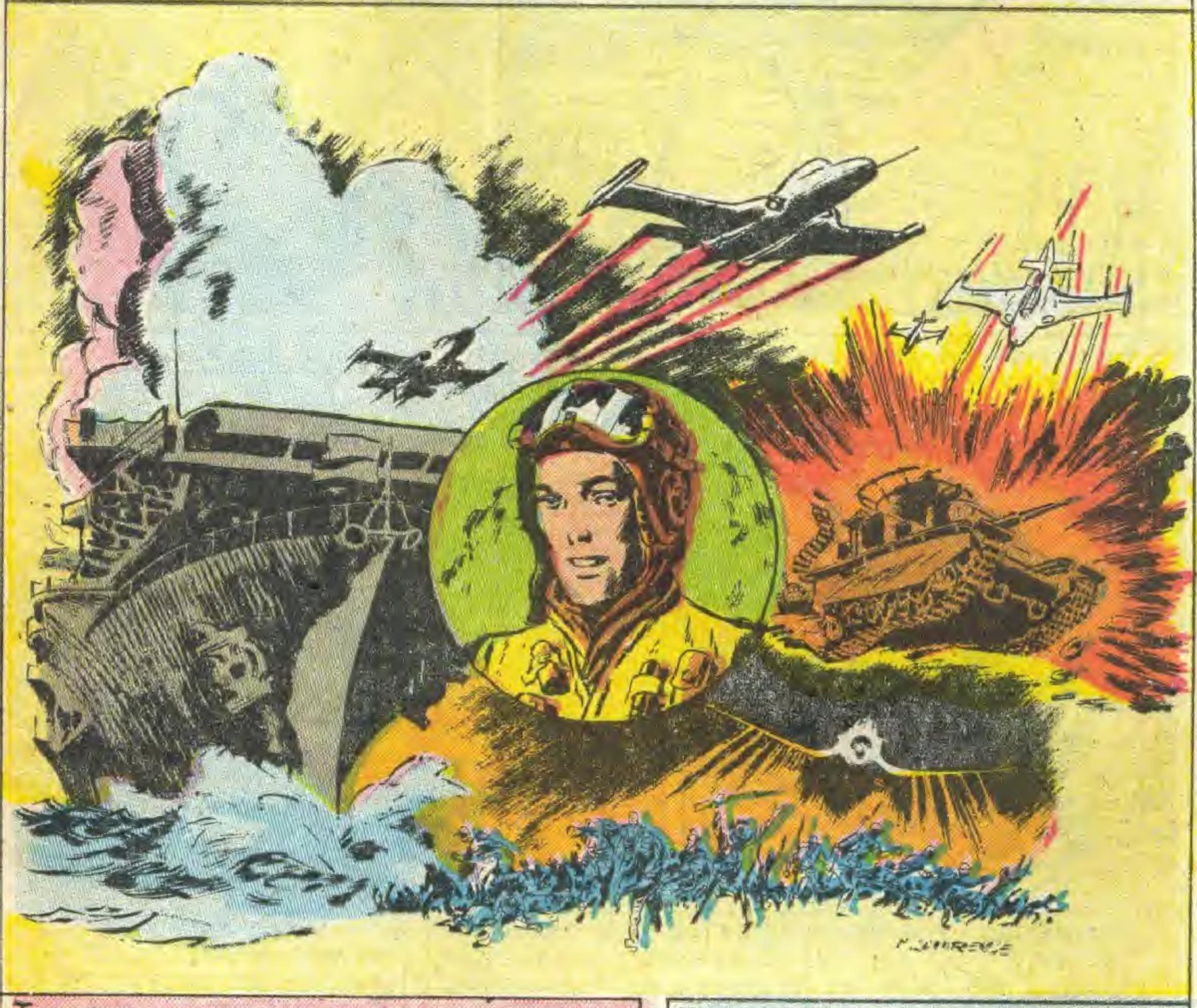
The man crumpled silently, the cold steel in his back. Jack managed to keep the little mirror, which had fallen from the enemy's hands, from breaking. He slipped into position in the bushes himself, manipulated the mirror. Just as carefully as the other had done, he winked the tiny beam of bright sunlight to a certain position just ahead of the U.N. lines. He winked it again, waited.

Sure enough, the Chinese battery spoke up. The shells fell off to one side ahead of the lines. Again and again, Jack signalled that spot, and finally his cunning was rewarded. A shell struck something, there was a sudden stirring of figures and an explosion as an ammo box went up. It was the pesty Red machine-gun nest that had been hit squarely by their own artillery.

That nest couldn't be gotten to from the allied side, but from the enemy hillside it was a sitting pigeon. It was just a question of who was directing the Chinese gunfire. This time it paid off--for the U.N.!

OPERATION DEATH!

L.T. DAVE MARTIN BLASTED HIS MARINE CORSAIR PLANE OFF THE FLIGHT DECK OF THE U.S. CARRIER PHILIPPINE SEA, TO STEP INTO THE RED INFERNO OF... "OPERATION DEATH!"



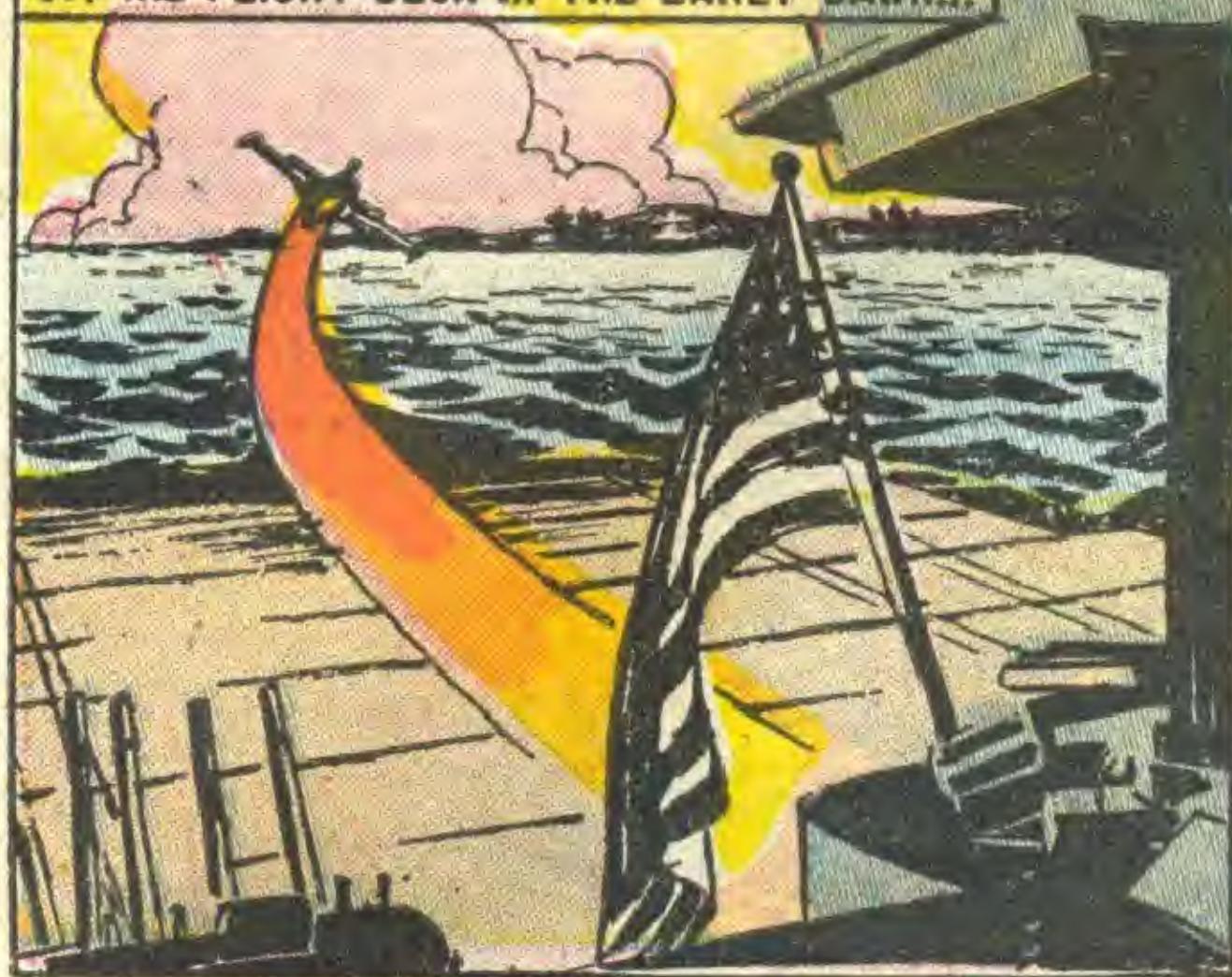
THE KOREAN WAR BEGAN IN JUNE, 1950. SLIM U.N. FORCES WERE HITTING BACK HARD AND OFTEN FROM THEIR BEACHHEAD POSITIONS ON PUSAN...



THROUGH THE WATERS OF THE CHINA SEA CAME THE CARRIER, PHILIPPINE SEA. IN THE READY ROOM...



IN HIS ROCKET-FIRING BANSHEE, DAVE MARTIN LIFTED OFF THE FLIGHT DECK IN THE EARLY DAWN...



HE CAME DOWN THROUGH CLOUDS OF SMOKE CAUSED BY NAVAL BOMBARDMENT...

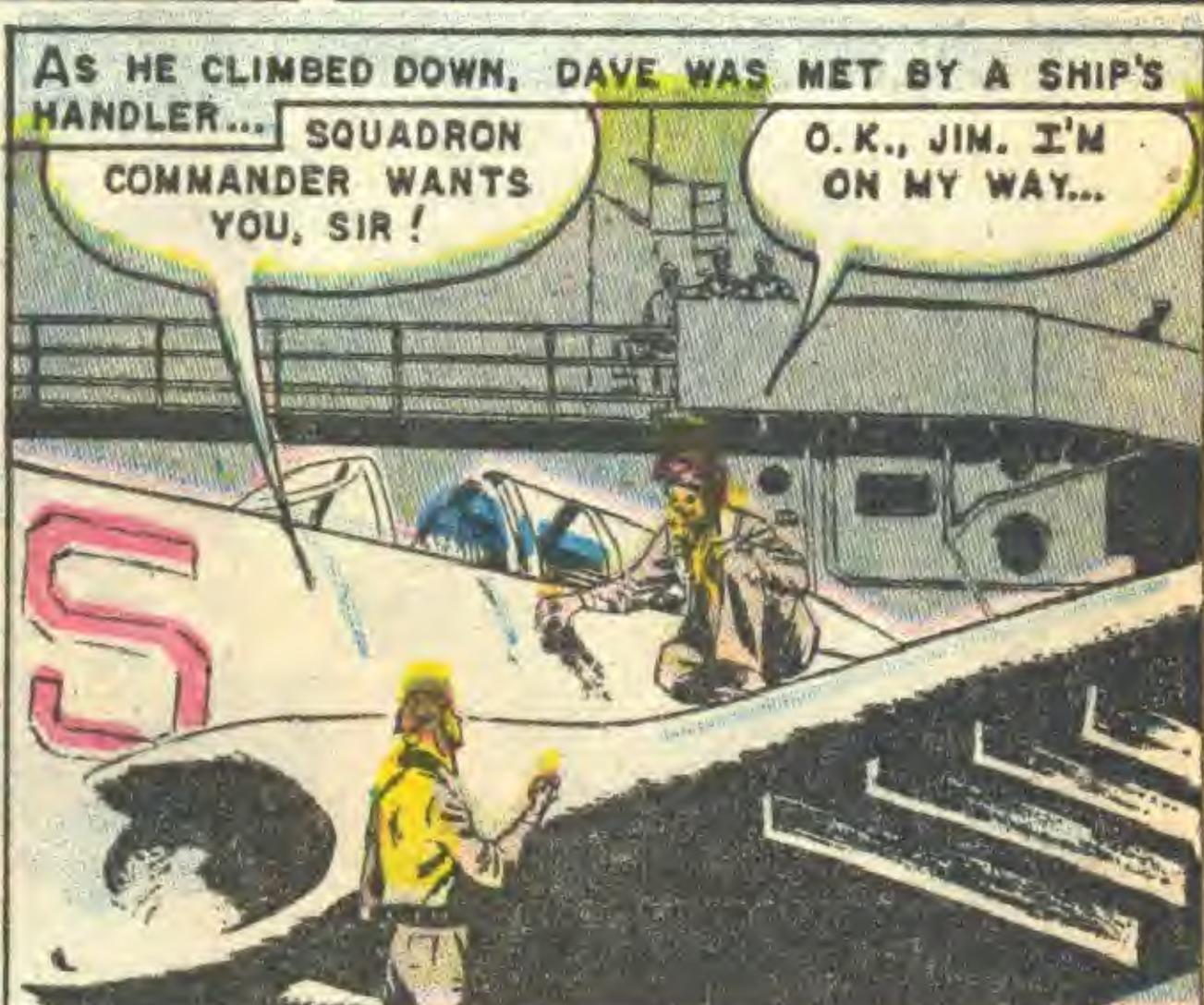


THERE GOES THE AMMO DUMP.
HOW TO GET BACK TO
THE SHIP!



AS HE CLIMBED DOWN, DAVE WAS MET BY A SHIP'S
HANDLER... SQUADRON
COMMANDER WANTS
YOU, SIR!

O.K., JIM. I'M
ON MY WAY...



YOU WANTED
ME, SIR?

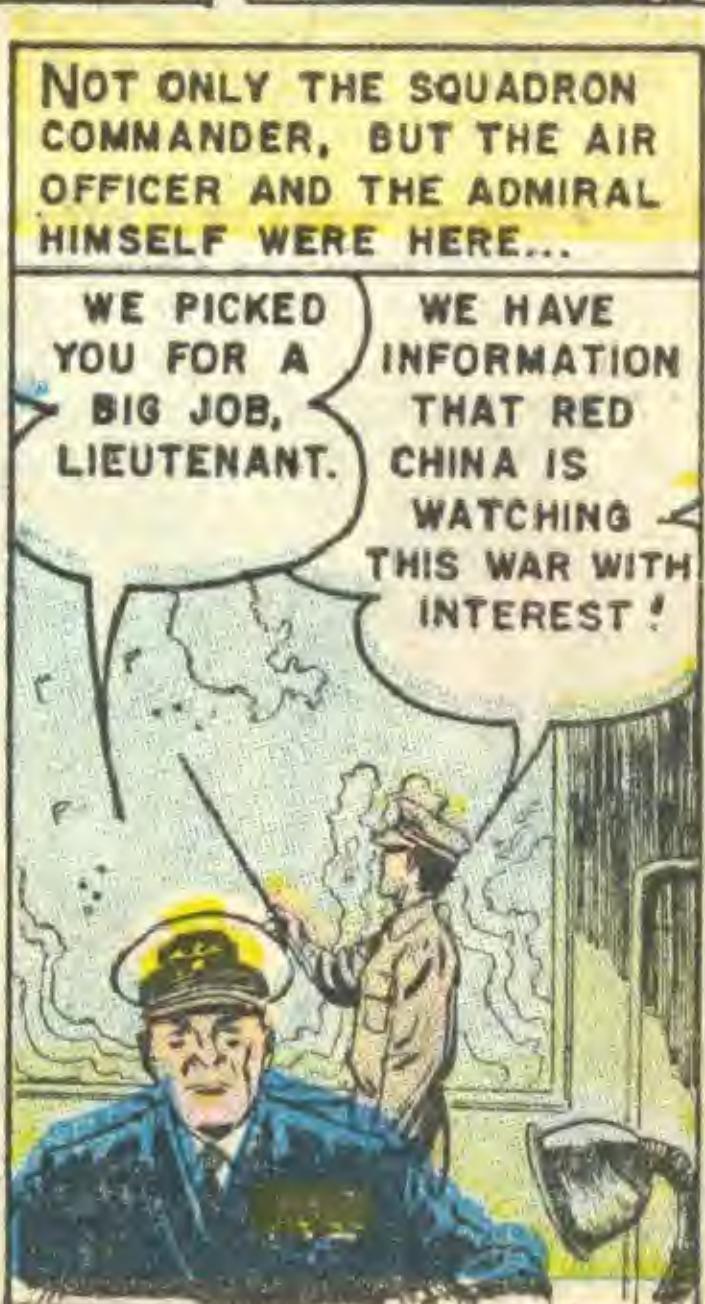
COME
IN,
MARTIN...



NOT ONLY THE SQUADRON
COMMANDER, BUT THE AIR
OFFICER AND THE ADMIRAL
HIMSELF WERE HERE...

WE PICKED
YOU FOR A
BIG JOB,
LIEUTENANT.

WE HAVE
INFORMATION
THAT RED
CHINA IS
WATCHING
THIS WAR WITH
INTEREST!



IF THOSE REDS STEP
IN ON THIS NOW... THE
UNITED NATIONS IS
FINISHED! ONE MAN CAN
TURN THE TIDE, MARTIN.
I'VE SELECTED YOU TO
BE THAT MAN!

ME?...(GULP)
ER...YES,
SIR!



A LARGE DETACHMENT OF BIG RUSSIAN TANKS IS MOVING DOWN ON INCH'ON! THOSE TANKS ARE HANDLED BY NORTH KOREAN REDS!



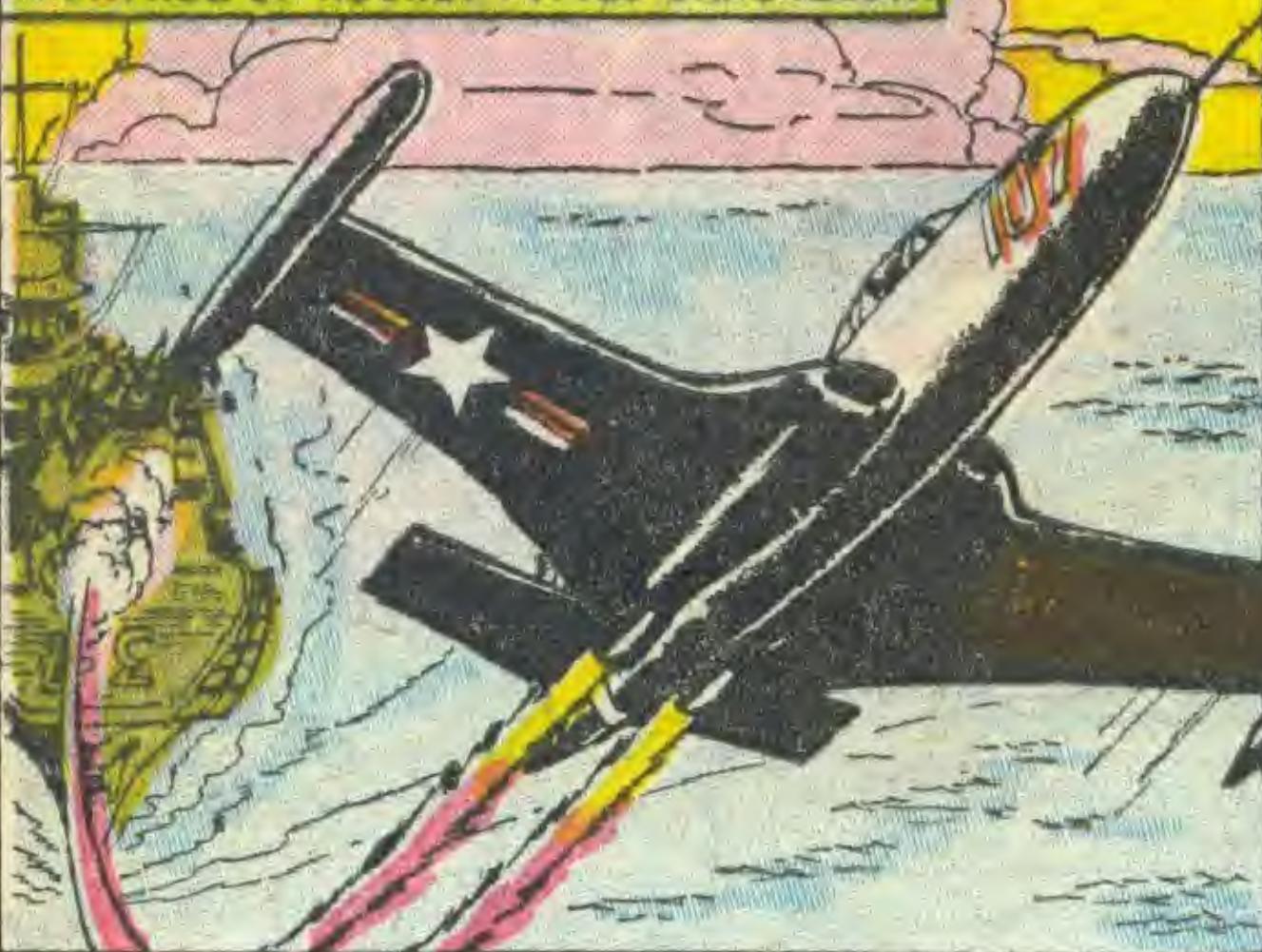
AT THIS STAGE, WE CAN'T HANDLE THOSE TANKS! OUR ONLY CHANCE TO STOP THEM IS BY A ROCKET PLANE ATTACK!



YOU'RE TO LEAD A SQUADRON OF PLANES AGAINST THAT TANK COLUMN. IF YOU FAIL -- WE'RE GOING TO BE PUSHED BACK INTO THE SEA!



LT. DAVE MARTIN BLASTED OFF THE FLIGHT DECK, LEADING A PATROL OF ROCKET-FITTED BANSHEES...



AT THE SAME TIME U.S. MARINES WERE MOVING IN TOWARD INCH'ON...



THIN COLUMNS OF CAMOUFLAGED MARINES MOVED TOWARD KIMPO AIR FIELD...

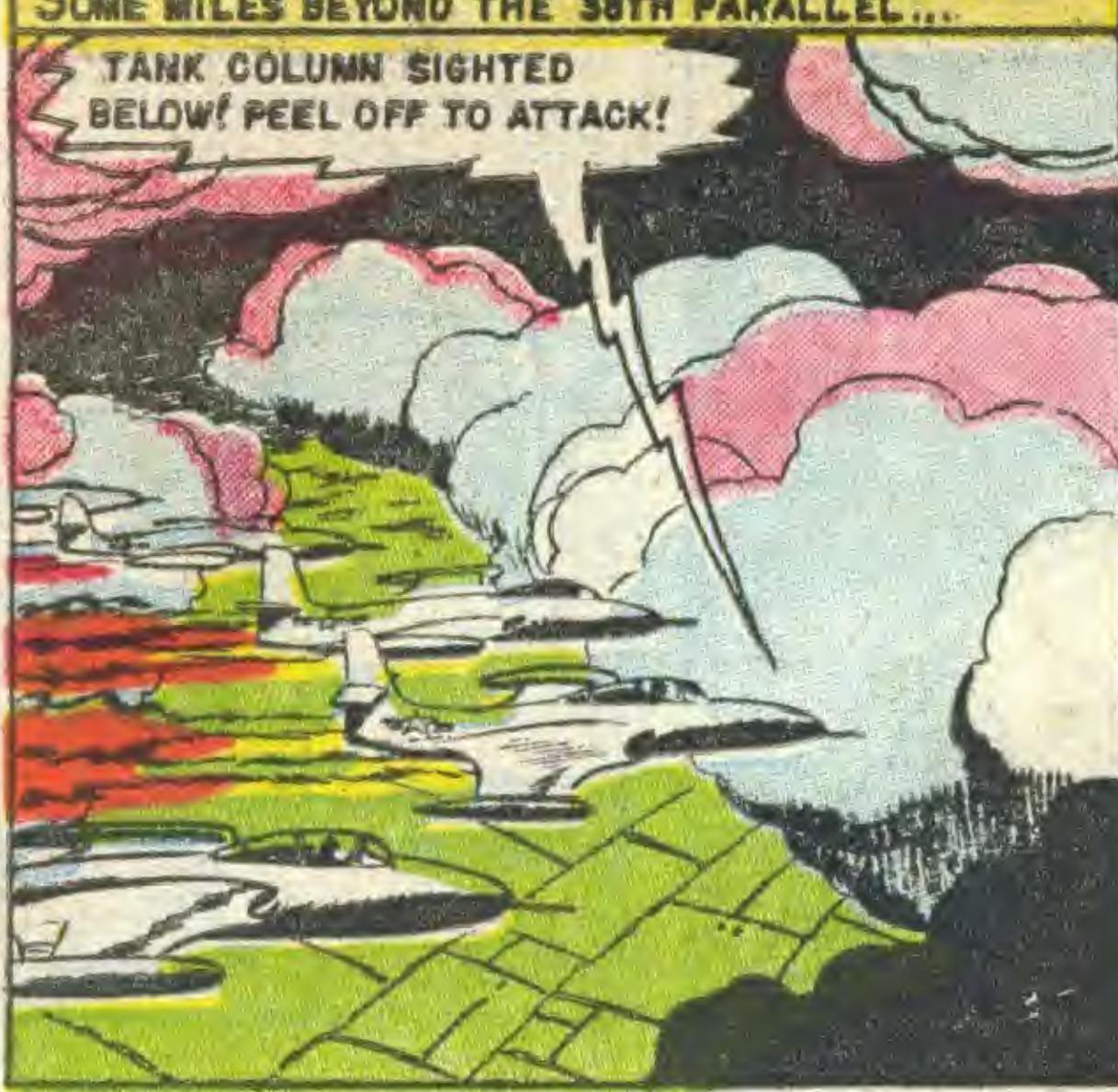


HERE AND THERE A STREET EMPLACEMENT GAVE BATTLE AND THE MARINES WENT INTO ACTION...



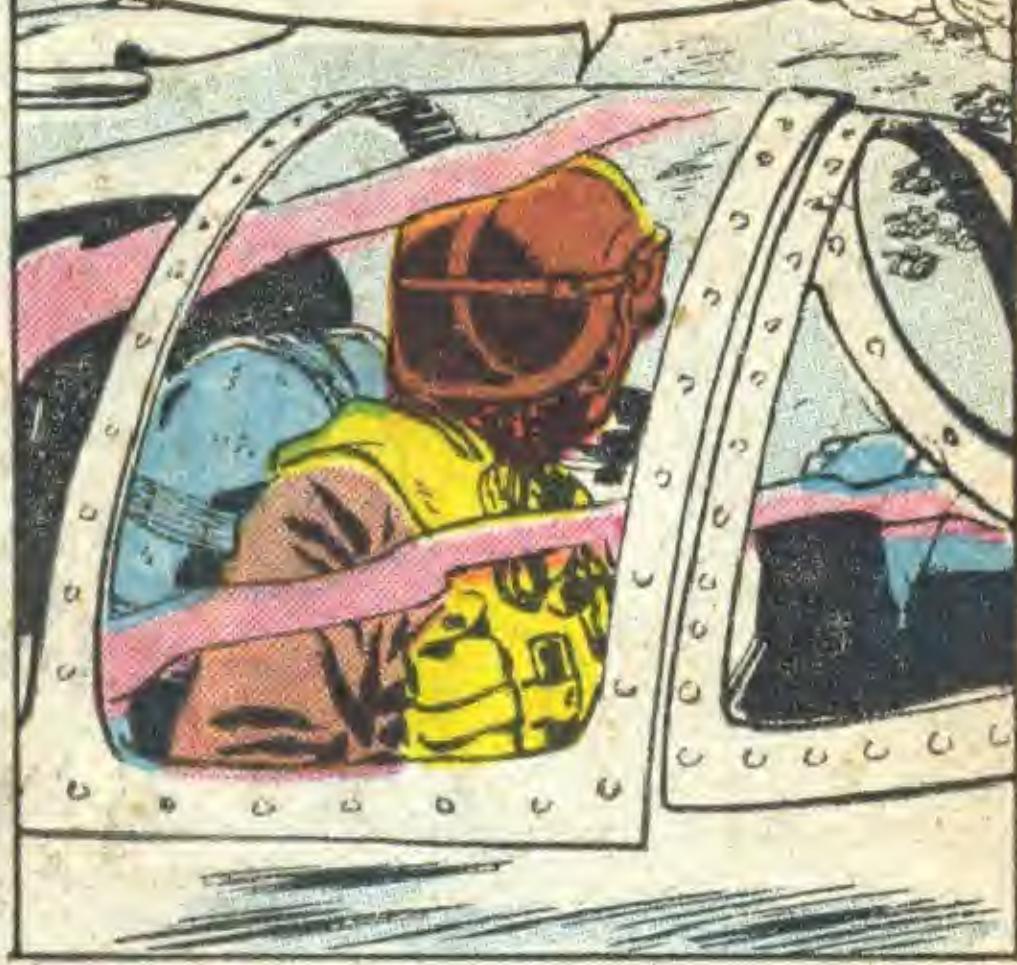
SOME MILES BEYOND THE 38TH PARALLEL...

TANK COLUMN SIGHTED
BELOW! PEEL OFF TO ATTACK!



THERE THEY ARE! HUNDREDS OF TANKS...

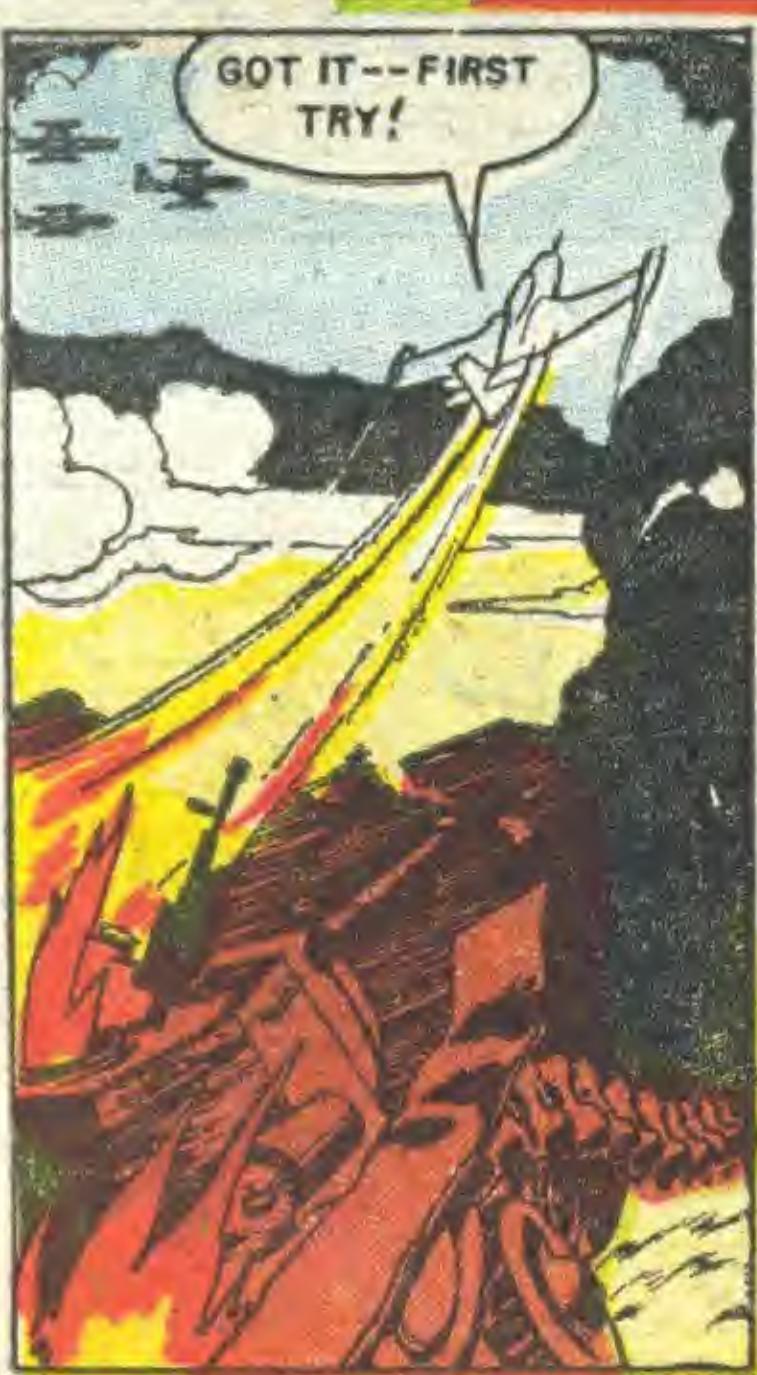
ONCE THEY GO INTO ACTION AGAINST
OUR BOYS--IT'S GOODBYE INVASION---



DAVE MARTIN
PEELED OFF
FROM HIS
FORMATION
AND CAME IN
LOW ABOVE
THE GROUND.
HIS PLANE -
BUCKED AS
THE ROCKETS
TOOK OFF...



GOT IT--FIRST
TRY!



THE OTHER JETS CAME IN
WITH ROCKETS FLARING...

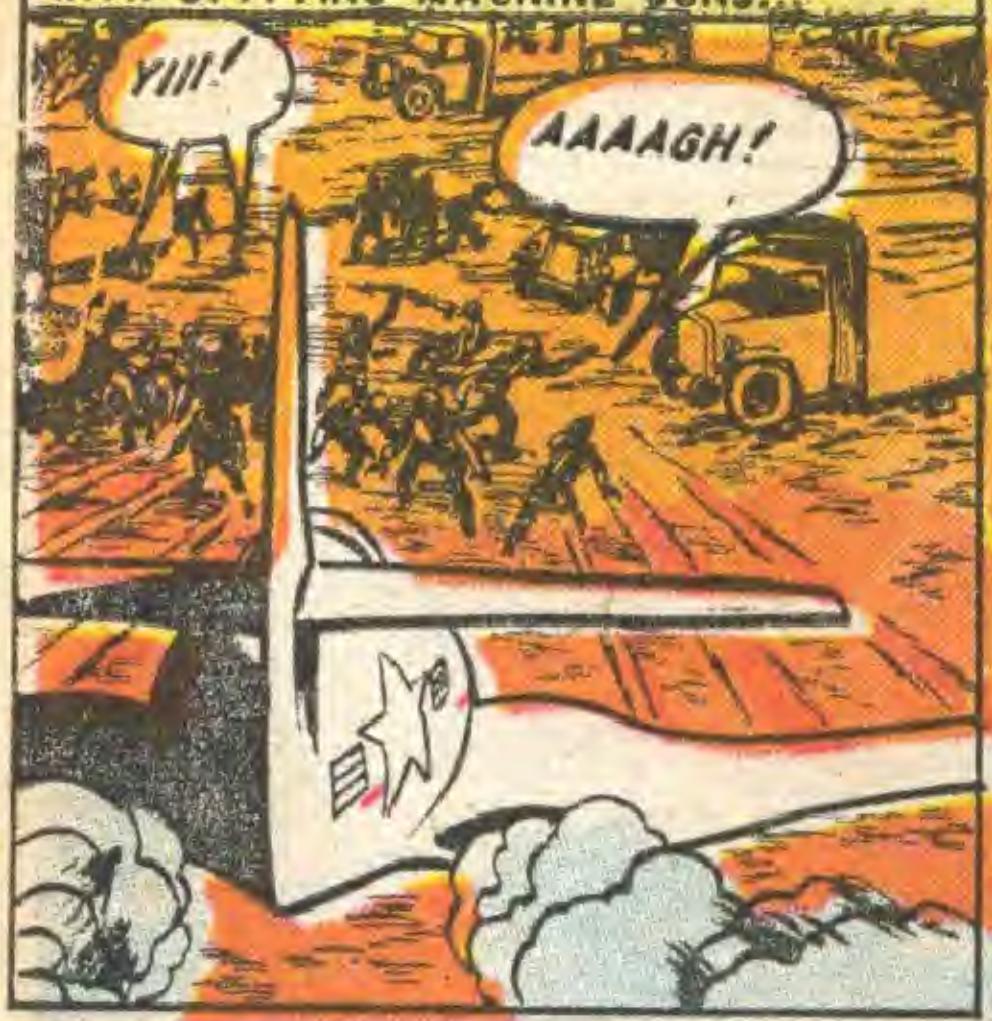


AH!EEEEE!

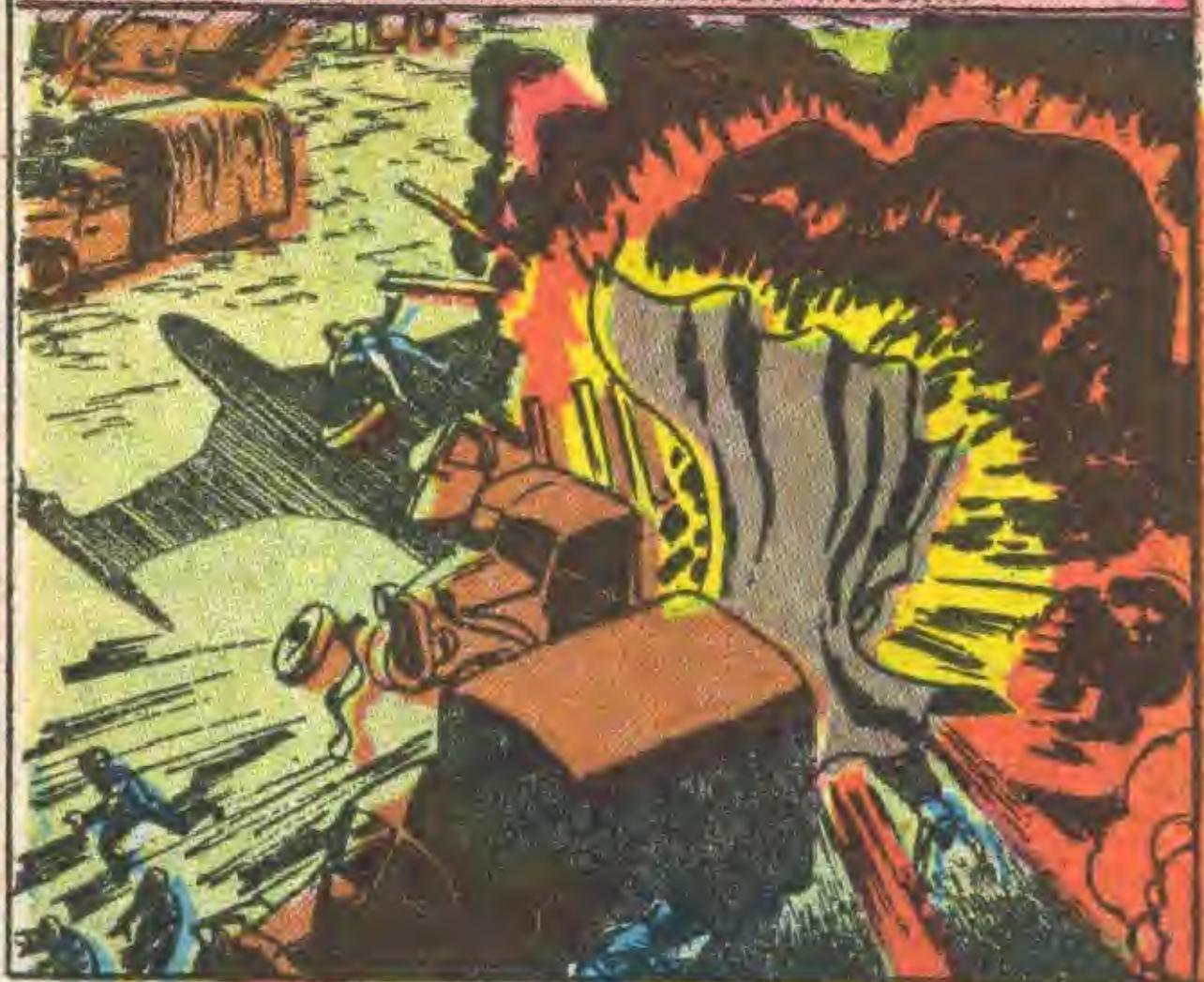
'MELICAN FLY-
BOYS KILL US...
RUN! RUN!



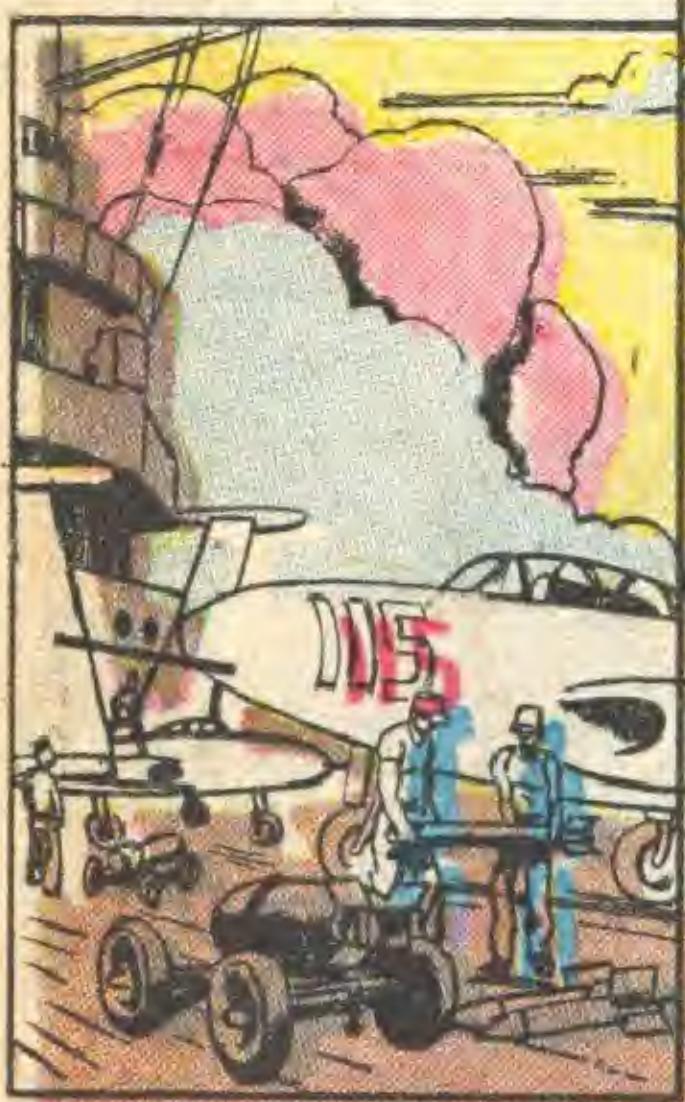
THE ROCKET ATTACK IS FOLLOWED UP
WITH SPITTING MACHINE GUNS...



A LUCKY SHOT HITS AN AMMUNITION TRUCK...



THEN LT. DAVE MARTIN LEADS
HIS FLIGHT COMMAND BACK
TO THE CARRIER...



L.T. MARTIN MAKES HIS REPORT...

WE GAVE 'EM
EVERYTHING WE
HAD. MUST'VE
SMASHED THIRTY
TANKS AND A
DOZEN TRUCKS!

I'LL ORDER
OUT EVERY
DIVE BOMBER
WE HAVE!
WE'LL POUR
IT INTO 'EM!



GENTLEMEN, IF WE CAN
SMASH THAT TANK COLUMN
COMPLETELY, IT WILL
KEEP RED CHINA FROM
INTERFERING AT THIS
TIME!



ONCE AGAIN, THE FLYING MARINES
SCREAM DOWN OUT OF THE SKY WITH
ROCKETS BLASTING...



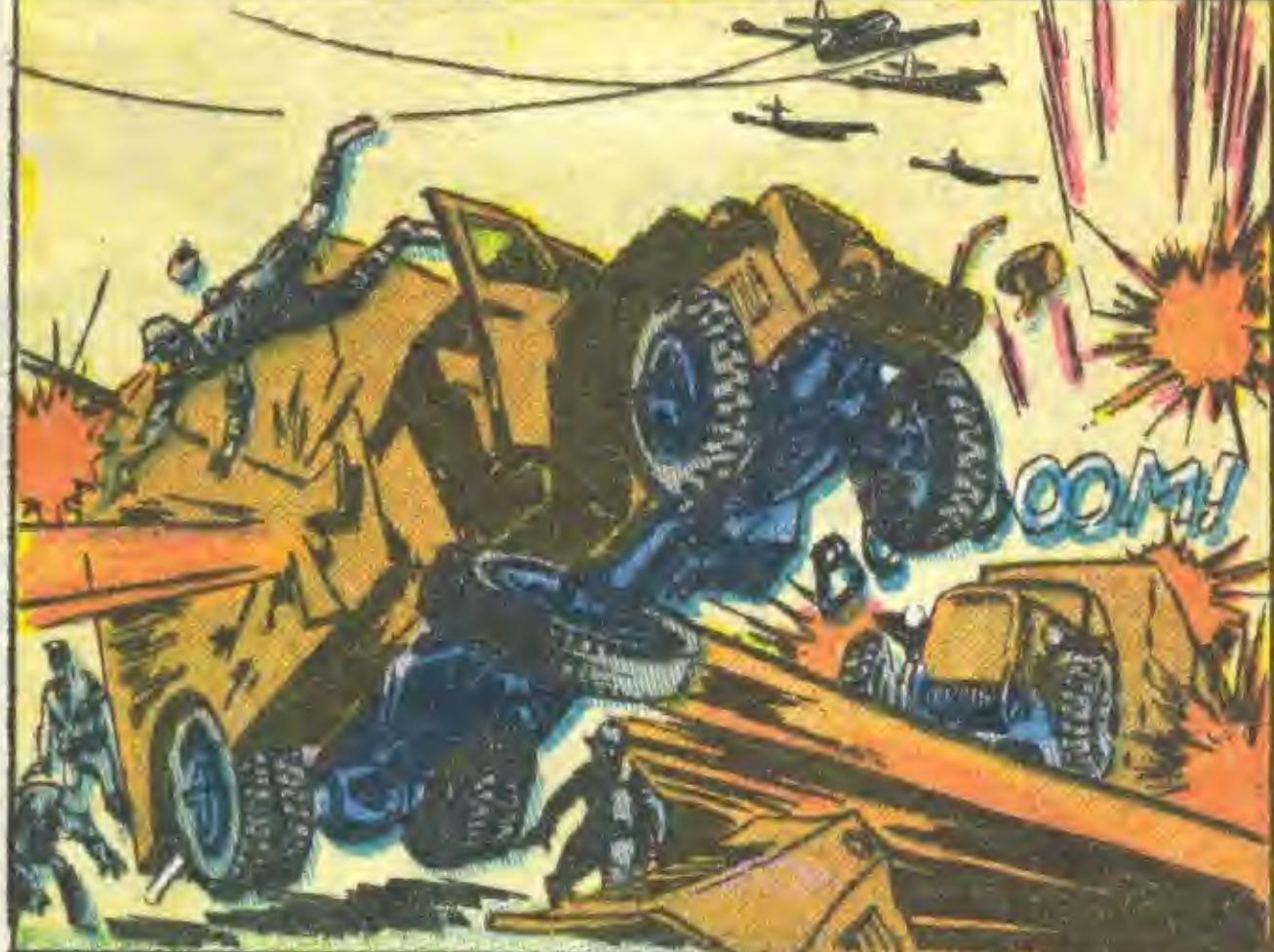
ROCKET WAR HEADS EXPLODE IN CRAMPED TANKS
WITH BLAZING FURY...



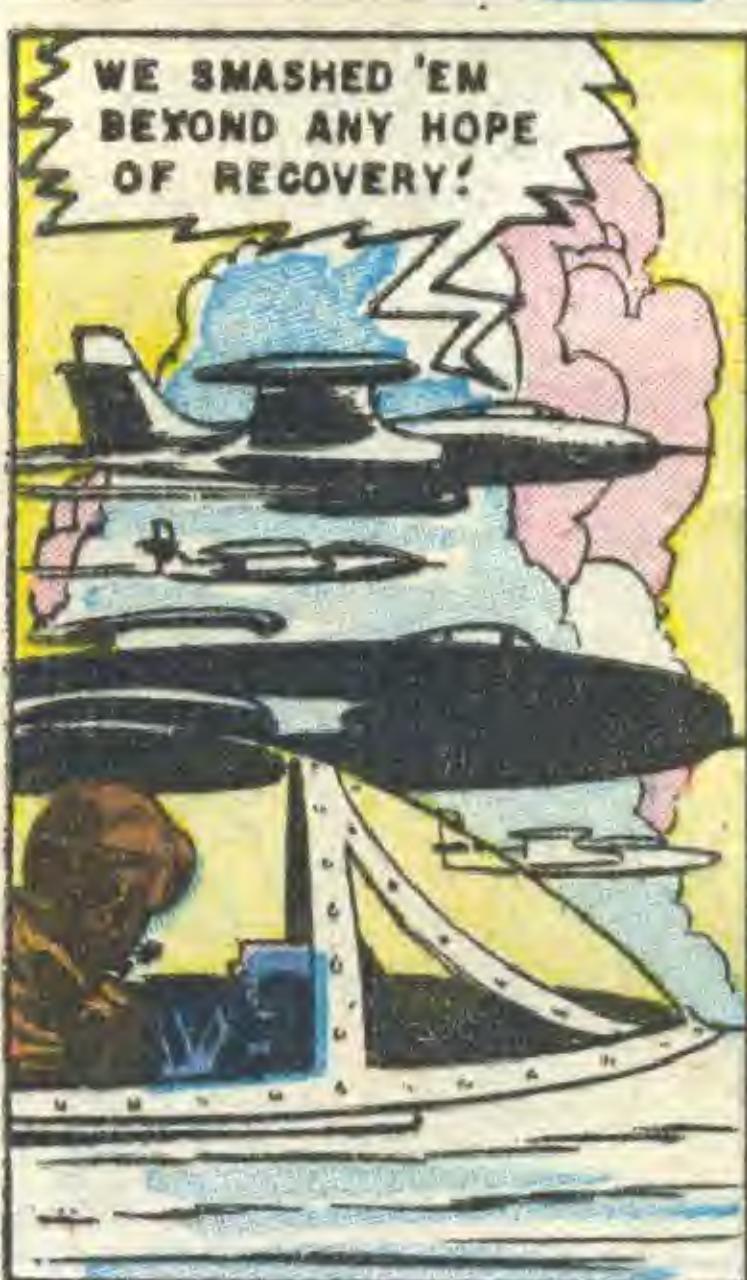
FIGHTER PILOTS GUNNED THEIR PLANES OVER LINES OF MARCHING RED TROOPS...



THE BANSHEES REFORMED HIGH IN THE AIR AND SWOOPED DOWN FOR THE FINISHING BLOWS...



WE SMASHED 'EM BEYOND ANY HOPE OF RECOVERY!



THE RED TANKS WERE BEATEN - NOW THE MARINES COULD MOVE ON, TOWARD SEOUL...



AS THE MARINES FANNED OUT FROM INGH'ON, THEY RELIEVED THE PRESSURE ON THE PUSAN BEACHHEAD...

NOW, WE'RE GOING TO ATTACK!



NOW THE U.N. FORCES WERE ON THE MARCH! STEADILY THEY PUSHED NORTH, BEYOND THE 38 TH PARALLEL...



WHILE ON CARRIERS, LT. DAVE MARTIN AND OTHERS LIKE HIM AWAITED THE CALL TO DUTY - TO SUPPORT TROOPS AND TANKS WITH ROCKETS, BOMBS, AND MACHINE GUN FIRE...

WHENEVER THEY NEED US - THE MARINE PILOTS ARE READY!



THE VICTORY DECOY

It was on a small island in the South Pacific. We had just taken the place. By we, I mean the company of combat engineers I was with. Mostly boys from New York City. Blackie, my buddy, was sitting down on a fallen hunk of masonry looking at a big Japanese inscription set on a massive slab by the side of the big concrete fortifications. It had been pretty formidable once, but now it was just a sad pile of junk.

They had not thought the island was inhabited when they landed our men there to set up an emergency air base and radio center. We were shoving through the jungle when we got plastered by some heavy Jap fire. We soon found out that there was a secret Jap radio station there. When we caught sight of what we were up against it looked kind of serious. The Japs had been building a concrete emplacement set against a natural formation of up-thrust rocks. They had dug themselves in right well and with a couple of artillery pieces, were in a position to block us for months.

Now we did have one fortunate thing. We had a guy with us who could speak and read Japanese. I don't know how he came to be with us, since they didn't expect we'd meet any Nips, but he was-a little, studious guy with glasses. This fellow and our captain went into a huddle after we'd dug in a series of foxholes in the trees just outside of the sight of the Jap fort. We didn't have any artillery or flame-throwers with us, not expecting this kind of trouble.

The interpreter and the captain worked out a plan. We had a lot of radio equipment with us. They set up a series of loud-speaker arrangements all around that Jap base, in the deep woods on all sides. Then they tuned in on their receiver until they picked up a certain station in Australia. About that time, that station usually put on a lot of military music. They got a full-piece Army brass band on the radio, then started to broadcast it

to the Japs at full power from all sides. The captain and the interpreter kep' shouting all sort of things into the mikes. To the Japs it must have sounded like the woods were full of big parades, marching men, and what-not. It must have been real crazy. The interpreter was yelling away in Jap.

I gather what they were doing was claiming that the Japanese had won their big victory. The interpreter was hollering about how they had just captured Washington and how the Emperor was riding down Pennsylvania Avenue on a white horse. After a little of this, we could see the Japs sticking their heads out from behind their gun emplacements. Then, in a little while, bunches of them were standing around outside looking puzzled and a little hopeful. Then, apparently the idea suddenly caught on, and they started a regular holiday.

The whole garrison came pouring out of the fortifications without their guns, threw their hats into the air and were dancing around. We waited until the celebration was getting real wild-then gave it to them. Our rifles and rapid-fires blasted away; our men threw dynamite sticks and grenades into them and we charged, yelling.

It was all over before you knew it. They hardly fired a shot. Those that didn't surrender, got killed while they were standing there with their mouths open, gaping.

So here was Blackie and I sitting by the side of the big inscription. It read, according to what the interpreter had written down for us: DEDICATED BY HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF JAPAN TO THE TEN THOUSAND YEARS OF FUTURE TRIUMPH OF THE ETERNAL JAPANESE WORLD EMPIRE.

What blackie wrote on a signboard and hung over that Jap slab was a simple sign: AFTER SLIGHT ALTERATIONS, THIS HEAP OF JUNK IS DEDICATED TO THE EBBETS FIELD AND THE BROOKLYN DODGERS.

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I've discovered a brand new way of showing folks how to play the Guitar . . . and I guarantee to SHOW YOU in just 10 days. It's done with pictures, 48 actual photos that show you exactly how to do the fingering, strumming, etc. You don't have to study a lot of printed words like you do in most courses. With my home-teaching course, it's mostly a matter of just doing what you see being shown in the pictures. It's the easiest and best way that anybody's ever seen. Even if you've never held a Guitar in your hand before, my New "PICTURE WAY" will show you how to play. Experienced players, even other professional entertainers have told me that this "PICTURE WAY" improves their playing.

What's more, you get the words and music for over 100 songs that I've picked for their radio and television popularity. Sing and play along with your favorite records, radio and television programs.

DON'T DELAY! Start TODAY!

PLAY BEAUTIFUL MUSIC IN 10 DAYS
OR YOUR MONEY BACK!

I'm so sure that my New "PICTURE WAY" can show EVERYONE HOW TO PLAY the Guitar, that I'm giving you this IRONCLAD GUARANTEE: If you are not playing beautiful music on your Guitar 10 days after you receive the new Bob Atcher Home Teaching Course, return the course to me and get your money back. Could anything be fairer?

SEND NO MONEY!

Just send your name and address to BOB ATCHER. Pay the postman only \$1.69 plus C.O.D. and postage. (Or send \$1.69 with the order and I'll pay the postage). Start playing beautiful chords the very first day. Be playing music in 10 days or your money back.

Bob Atcher, Studio 115 75 E. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.

Bob Atcher's OWN Guitar Bargain

NOW you can own a Guitar that Bob Atcher personally selected to offer to you as AMERICA'S BEST GUITAR value. ONLY \$19.95. Send \$2.00 Deposit. Pay balance on delivery.

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Easy, too!



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PICTURES
THAT SHOW
HOW TO PLAY

CAN YOU Hold Your
Fingers LIKE
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Please send me, by return mail, one of your new "Picture Way" Home Teaching Guitar Courses. I will pay postman \$1.69 plus C.O.D. and postage. (Or send \$1.69 with order and you pay postage.) I understand that you will refund my \$1.69 if I am not playing beautiful music 10 days after I receive it.

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You Practice SERVICING with Kits I Send You

Nothing takes the place of PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. That's why NRI training is based on LEARNING BY DOING. You use parts I send to build many circuits common to Radio and Television. With my Servicing Course you build the modern Radio shown at left. You build a Multitester and use it to help make \$10, \$15 a week fixing sets in spare time while training. All equipment is yours to keep. Coupon below will bring book of important facts. It shows other equipment you build.



You Practice BROADCASTING with Kits I Send You

As part of my Communications Course I send you parts to build low-power Broadcasting Transmitter at left. Use it to get practical experience. You put this station "on the air" . . . perform procedures demanded of broadcasting station operators. An FCC Commercial Operator's License can be your ticket to a bright future. My Communications Course trains you to get your license. Mail coupon Book shows other equipment you build for practical experience.

I Will Train You at Home in Spare Time to be a RADIO-TELEVISION Technician



TELEVISION Making Jobs, Prosperity

25 million homes have Television sets now. Thousands more sold every week. Trained men needed to make, install, service TV sets. About 200 television stations on the air. Hundreds more being built. Good job opportunities here for qualified technicians, operators, etc.

N.R.I. Training Leads to Good Jobs Like These

I TRAINED THESE MEN



"Am transmitter-studio operator at KPAT. Most important day of my life was when I enrolled with NRI." — Elmer Frewaldt, Madison, S. Dakota.

"Made my first \$100 from spare time work before I finished my course. Now I average better than \$10 a week, spare time." — Frank Borer, Lorain, Ohio.



"I've come a long way in Radio and Television since graduating. Have my own business on Main Street." — Joe Travers, Asbury Park, New Jersey.

"I didn't know a thing about Radio. Now have a good job as Studio Engineer at KMMJ." — Bill Delzell, Central City, Nebraska.



J. E. SMITH, President
National Radio Institute
Washington, D. C.
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America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You Good Pay, Success

Training PLUS opportunity is the PERFECT COMBINATION for job security, advancement. When times are good, the trained man makes the BETTER PAY, gets PROMOTED. When jobs are scarce, the trained man enjoys GREATER SECURITY. NRI training can help assure you and your family more of the better things of life. Radio is bigger than ever with over 3,000 broadcasting stations and more than 115 MILLION sets in use, and Television is moving ahead fast.

Start Soon to Make \$10, \$15 a Week Extra Fixing Sets

My training is practical, complete; is backed by 40 years of success training men at home. My well-illustrated lessons give you basic principles you need and my skillfully developed kits of parts "bring to life" things you learn from the lessons. I start sending you special booklets that show you how to fix sets the day you enroll. Multitester you build with my parts helps you discover and correct set troubles, helps you make money fixing neighbors' sets in spare time while training. Many make \$10, \$15 a week extra this way.

Mail Coupon — Find Out What Radio-Television Offer You

Act now to get more of the good things of life. I send actual lesson to prove NRI home training is practical, thorough. My 64-page book "How to be a Success in Radio-Television" shows what my graduates are doing and earning. It gives important facts about your opportunities in Radio-

Television. Take NRI training for as little as \$5 a month. Many graduates make more than the total cost of my training in two weeks. Mail coupon now to: J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 5CN1 National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Our 40th year.

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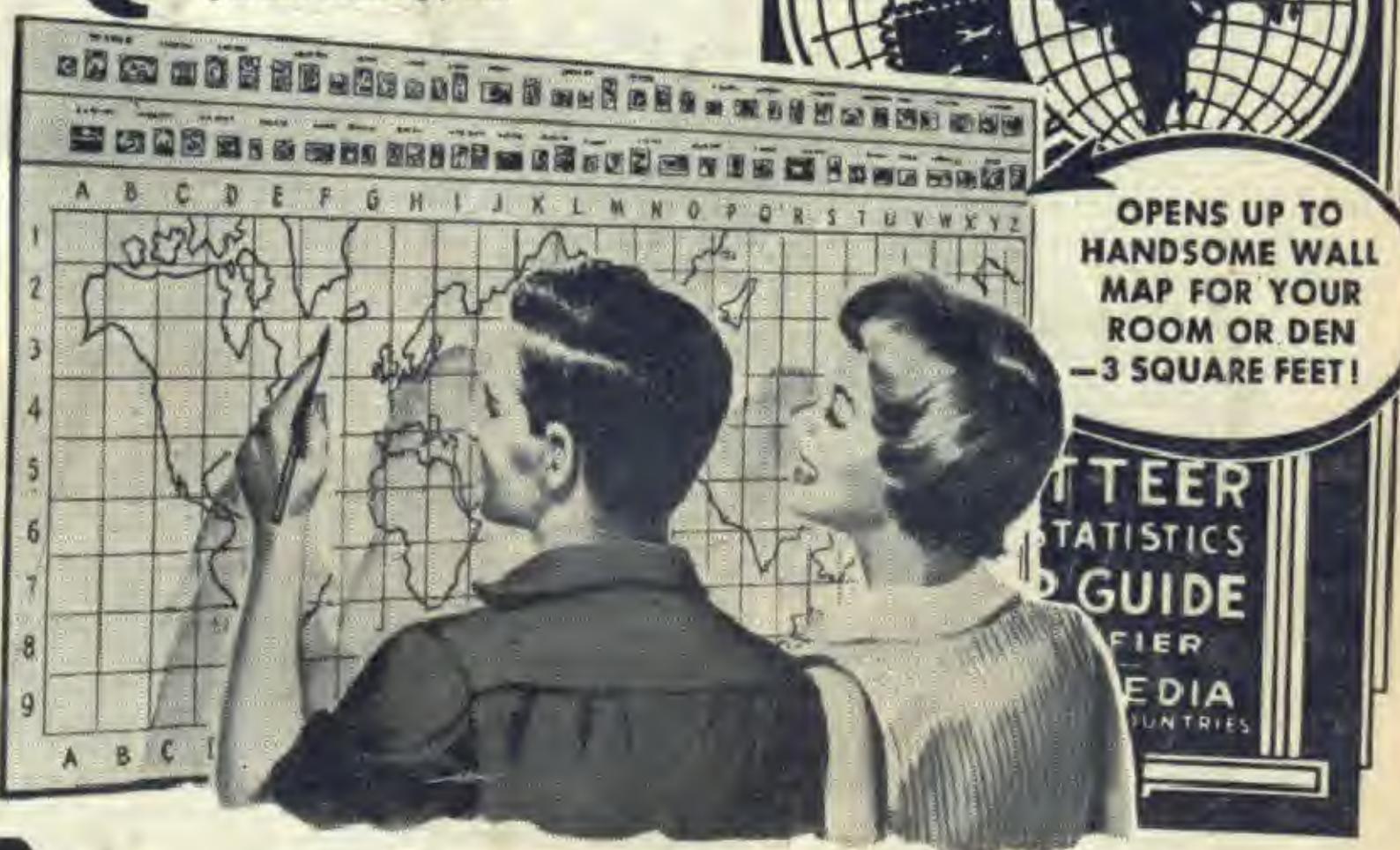
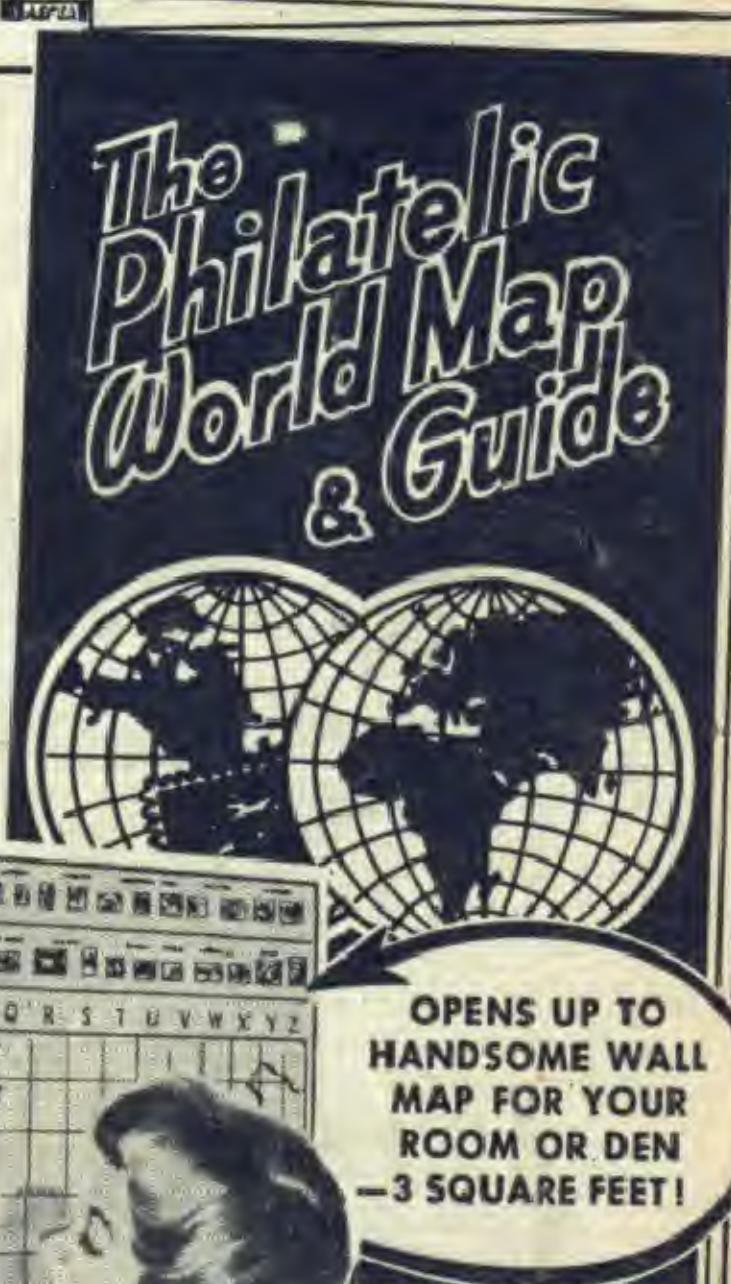
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